

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

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### ORIGINAL.

#### NOTICE OF WALTER SCOTT.

ACCOMPANYING the present number of the *Analectic Magazine*, we exhibit to our readers the likeness of the popular personage whose name stands at the head of this article. Mr. Scott is said to be a robust, broad-shouldered,—rather a bony, than a fleshy man. His hair and complexion are light; his face is round and full; but, with the exception of a somewhat luminous parti-coloured eye, his countenance exhibits, upon the whole, an expression of stupidity, rather than of genius. In all these particulars (so far as they can be traced with the pencil) our portrait is faithful,—much more faithful, we are assured, than that which has been prefixed to some of his works republished in this country. We may take this occasion to remark, however, that all well-executed likenesses are apt to give too flattering a representation of the human face. The steady, unalterable look of the painting leads us to expect a character of penetration and thoughtfulness in the original; and the most light and frivolous persons are in this way not unfrequently represented with a dignity which is the invariable occasion of disappointment and surprise.

We have said more of the portrait than, we fear, we can say of the original. Few lives, which are so illustrious, have been so much neglected as that of Walter Scott. As he is almost con-

stantly before us in some interesting character or other, we have neither time nor disposition to investigate his history: the British periodical magazines,—seldom deficient in their biographical duties,—are lamentably barren on this most popular topic; and there is not a publication within our knowledge which contains any thing like a satisfactory biography of Mr. Scott. What little *we* know of him shall be most freely communicated,—with this preliminary remark, however, that the life of a prolific author can be little more than a history of his several publications.

Walter Scott was born of obscure parents (1769) in Lothian, in Scotland. A lameness in his leg exempted him from the common laborious lot of his brothers; and, as he had nothing to supply the place of occupation, he resorted to the company, and became the darling of old men and shepherds; who dandled him on their knees, and told him legendary stories of the Scottish borderers. A taste for such tales, thus early acquired, led him, at a subsequent period, to consult the manuscripts of the border antiquary: he searched with indefatigable eagerness for every ballad and stanza of the ancient bards;\* his thorough knowledge of such kind of poetry inspired him with confidence to attempt some imitations; and in 1802 he published a volume, to which he gave the curious title of *Scottish Minstrelsy*,—consisting of old ballads retouched and amended, together with some original compositions by himself and a Mr. Leyden. The local narrative, the rude metre, and the uncouth diction of these pieces are not sufficiently counterbalanced by the vigour and simplicity of the thoughts to make them the subjects of very general perusal; and the *Minstrelsy* of the Scottish border has ceased perhaps to be much sought after, except by those who are willing to purchase their pleasure at the expense of consulting a glossary. The interruption occasioned by this tedious process always impairs, and not unfrequently destroys the effect of the best poetry:—a kind of composition, we should remember, which ought to bear along the mind in a stream of uninterrupted thought. No man ever relished Virgil while he was learning the Latin tongue; and no man can hope to receive

\* He is now publishing, in sixteen parts, a voluminous and elaborate work upon the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland.



much pleasure from Scottish poetry, while he is obliged to divide his attention between the ballad and the dictionary.

Yet this collection of minstrelsy was by no means destitute of popularity. Among Mr. Scott's own countrymen, who understood the language, and felt an interest in the stories, it unquestionably enjoyed a very extensive circulation: and in England, as well as in America, the strength and pathos of the conceptions forced their way into perusal through every obstacle of measure and diction.—We cannot be expected to enter into a detailed criticism of the several ballads which compose the volume. If any single pieces are supereminent to the rest, perhaps the Lament of the Queen's Marie and Helen of Kirconnell Lee\* may claim that distinction.—The contributions of Mr. Scott, and of his friend, Mr. Leyden, possess much poetical excellence: but the language continually betrays the recency of their origin; and we believe it is utterly impracticable to exclude from imitations of ancient poetry the unequivocal characteristics of modern phraseology.

With all these difficulties in the way, it was hardly to be expected that the Scottish Minstrelsy would be universally admired. Yet, as Mr. Scott had devoted a part of more than thirty years to the history of the border clans, an attachment to the subject was radicated too deeply in his mind to be shaken by the partial ill-success of a first essay; and in 1805 he attempted a still more arduous flight, in the production of an original epic romance. In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, it was Mr. Scott's professed object to combine the rudeness and simplicity of the ancient ballad with the polish and refinement of modern poetry; and accordingly the poem is put into the mouth of an old bard, who may be supposed to have survived the Revolution, and to have realized the experience of the Pylian sage:—

Two ages o'er his native land had reigned,  
And now the example of the third remained.

The success of this poem was beyond anticipation. It was extolled by the critics, reprinted by the booksellers, and read by every

\* This ballad was often published before its appearance in the Minstrelsy; and we have lately seen it in some of the most respectable British periodical works, as an original production of a Mr. John Myne.

body. From the reputation of a humble compiler, Mr. Scott rose suddenly to the eminence of an original poet,—not in the too common acceptance of that word, as being able to complete a volume of what is poetry to the eye merely,—but as possessing that nameless quality which can extract the essence of things from its concomitants, and make the representation stronger than the reality.\*

The praise bestowed upon the Lay was not certainly on account of its story,—which, for an epic poem, is deficient in some of the most important requisites of excellence. The progress of the narrative is too much obstructed by the events of the three first cantos; and when it has once got a going, it runs on more than one whole canto beyond the legitimate catastrophe. Yet the visit of Delorane to the ‘holy pile of Melrose’ gives occasion to so many splendid specimens of poetic excellence, that we should be sorry to see it sacrificed to the propriety of the narrative. We believe the same indulgence cannot extend to the conclusion of the fifth, and the whole of the sixth canto. When the hero is killed, or is betrothed, the story should be at an end; and the poet always transgresses the canons of criticism, if he conducts his readers through the joyous carousals of a marriage, or the lugubrious ceremonies of a funeral.

Yet Mr. Scott steps in between our pen and his poem with a palliation which ought not to be altogether disregarded. He tells us that his object was not so much to produce a continuous, regular story, as to exhibit the characteristic manners of his actors,—to portray the pastoral, yet warlike habits of the Scottish borders; whose proud and chivalric notions were constantly prompting them to reciprocal depredation, and who thought they had made a singular escape if their dwellings were not burned to the ground at least once a year.† Whether he might not have interwoven all his materials on these subjects into one regular and complete nar-

\* Johnson in the lives of Waller and Pope.

† See the lamentation of Tinlinn in canto iv.—

They crossed the Liddle at curfew hour,  
And burned my little lonely tower;  
The fiend receive their souls therefor!  
*It had not been burned this year or more.*



rative, he alone perhaps is the proper person to judge: for ourselves, we see very little difference between his own case and that of every other epic writer; and nothing but the assurance of losing some of his best poetry would reconcile us to a repetition of his irregularities.

Mr. Scott has also bespoken our indulgence for the machinery of the poem; but we think he had better spared himself the trouble of an excuse. Supernatural agency is never required, and will never be tolerated, except when the action cannot be performed by human hands. The estray of the boy in the forest, the interview of Lord Henry with Lady Margaret, and the theft of sir William's armour,—might all have been effectuated without the help of the goblin-page, or the consultation of Michael Scott's cybeline book. The page is a malicious intruder into good company; and the most he does is to exclaim, 'lost! lost! lost!' at the beginning of the poem, and 'found! found! found!' at the end.

There are a few other personages in this poem who are objectionable for their names more than for their characters. Mr. Scott has never delighted in those smooth 'names which' (says Dryden) 'seem made for poetry,'—

"As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,  
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles."

On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in conquering a stubborn, unpoetical name, and in making it lie easy in his lines. For his success in most instances he is at least entitled to indulgence; but it is not all the drilling in the world that can subdue to smoothness such names as Arthur-Fire-the-braes, and Archibald-Bell-the-cat.—If some native American should write a poem on the wars of our own borderers, and should encumber his lines with the Indian names of Split-log, Walk-in-the-water, and a dozen more which we could mention,—how speedily would the European critics be impaling him upon the point of their pens!

The Lay is sung in the dissolute numbers of the old ballad metre,—though Mr. Scott has introduced and concluded each canto with a more regular and measured verse. These exquisite, though scanty effusions were the earnest of still more copious and excellent productions. It is amusing to trace the progress of Mr. Scott from incipient imitation to final originality. He first appears

as a humble editor and imitator of old ballads: he next comes forth a little bolder, in a work of his own conception,—written, however, in the old Scottish measure, with here and there a modest departure of originality; but it was not till his third exhibition, that he ventured boldly to quit the beaten track of the ballad, and to strike out a path of composition which was entirely and peculiarly his own. *Marmion* appeared in 1808.

There are some faults common to the *Lay* and *Marmion*. So long had Mr. Scott been engaged in the contemplation of Scottish antiquities, that he attached extraordinary importance to every trivial circumstance which might illustrate the character of the borderers; and accordingly his narrative is too often made tedious by heavy and cumbrous descriptions of objects and events which can be interesting only to a national antiquary like himself. If he stumble upon an incident which suggests ideas about an old knight, or an old castle, or an old any thing, he never fails to pursue the devious association till he bewilders his readers and himself: again, while we are going on in our journey, with an unsuspecting resignation to the conduct of the poet,—the ground suddenly gives way beneath our feet, and we are obliged to grope through whole stanzas, in some episodical parenthesis. Nothing is more fatiguing than this mode of conducting a story; and were not Mr. Scott's barren details occasionally relieved by the most striking contrasts of exuberant poetic excellence, we almost believe we should throw aside his book before we had penetrated to the third canto. Divested of all extraneous description, the story of *Marmion* might have been told in twenty or thirty stanzas; and although we have perused the poem so often as to learn some of the best passages by heart, we are yet at a loss to know how Mr. Scott has contrived to protract it through six cantos, of more than three hundred lines each. It is difficult to pronounce a general opinion upon the merits of *Marmion*: perhaps there never was a poem which exhibited such a marked inequality of composition: we could select parts which would disgrace any poet; yet we would fearlessly compare the last canto with the descriptions of any writer who ever undertook to paint the scenery of battle.

It would be unpardonable to dismiss *Marmion* without remarking the artifice and improbability of almost all the incidents



as well as the tameness, or atrocity, of almost all the characters of the poem. A romantic writer is always permitted to bring about some very important event by some very extraordinary good luck: the infrequency of such occasions takes away the improbability of the device; and we often overlook the insignificance of the means, to contemplate the magnitude of the end. But when the whole contexture of a narrative,—the most trivial, as well as the most important parts,—can only be held together by a succession of the merest chances in the world, we begin to lose all faith in the story, and all patience with the teller. There is scarcely an incident, from the introductory line to “the last words of Marmion,” which does not take place either by accidental necessity,—or by no necessity at all.

We believe no body has ever been extravagantly pleased with the characters of this poem. We never could reconcile ourselves with Marmion: and although Mr. Scott has taken every pains to make him repent his abuse of Clarence, and his conspiracy against De Wilton; yet he still trembles before us as a seducer and a forger: nor can all his bravery at Flodden prevent us from believing that he rushed into battle more to escape the war of his own breast, than to fight for the interests of his king. Clarence is no better. With all the privileges of the sex on her side, we cannot help despising the wretch who could conspire the death of one innocent person by forgery, and of another by poison. Such meanness can neither be excused by the vehemence, nor redeemed by the fidelity of affection; and although Mr. Scott has made our hairs stand erect with a description of her dismal apartment,—yet we hear her shrieks with not much emotion when we are compelled to remember that she half merits her treatment.—As to Clara de Clare, she has so very little to do in the events of the poem, that perhaps her character is hardly worth noticing. Harry Blount and Fitz Eustace are much more important personages in every part of the story: and we have often sought relief from the guilty company of Marmion in the innocent, vivacious, and good-natured society of these humble retainers.

We have reserved De Wilton for a separate consideration,—because, as our remarks upon him are equally applicable to all the *real* heroes of Mr. Scott's poems, we wished to spare our rea-

ders the fatigue, and ourselves the trouble of continual repetition in the subsequent part of this article. Immemorial usage has made it the common law of criticism, that the hero of every fictitious story should be,—not only the chief actor through all the preliminary incidents,—but the person whose fortune is mainly effected by the final catastrophe of the piece. According to this definition, Mr. Scott has not a single hero in all his numerous progeny of epics. Marmion is certainly the most important person in almost all the events of the poem which we have just been considering; yet the humble palmer is, in the end, the only character who can justly be said to be its hero; and the name of DE WILTON is most unpoetically superceded in the title by that of MARMION. Whether this *division of labour* enables Mr. Scott to manufacture poetry with so much more facility than his epic predecessors, we dare not assume the responsibility of determining;—but that it destroys just half of the effect which would be produced by suffering every hero to achieve his own fortune, is a fact which every reader is competent to verify.

When we approach the Lady of the Lake, we perceive the same fault which forms the capital deformity of Marmion. The person who is the hero at the catastrophe has scarcely any part at all in the preliminary action: Fitz-James and Roderick do their very best,—nay, shed their own blood,—to work out the good fortune of ‘the Graeme;’ and at last, even the old Douglas is obliged to hazard his outlawed life in order to effectuate a match between two subordinate characters of the poem,—to fling the golden chain around the neck of Malcolm, and lay the clasp on the hand of Ellen. This criticism is not avoided by saying that the title, as well as the event of the poem, evinces a design to describe the fortunes of a heroine; for we should still be justified in answering that the Lady of the Lake is not, in point of importance, higher than the fourth character of the story.

With little variation, the same remarks must be extended to Rokeby. Bertram is not the ultimate hero,—though he does all the most important business of the poem. Wilfrid appears in the early part of the story; but we soon begin to discover that he is no hero. Redmond chases Bertram through the bushes, and through the third canto with eager heroism enough, we admit; but he



could do nothing without the intermediation of his most deadly foe; and he would have lost his own head, as well as the hand of Matilda, if Risingham had not appeared just in season to alter and complete the catastrophe of the poem.

The last great poem of Mr. Scott is certainly misnamed *The Lord of the Isles*. Bruce is in all respects the true hero of the tale; and the loves of Ronald and Edith form an unwieldy underplot to the great epic action of the poem. *The Lord of the Isles* is, to be sure, much oftener on the stage, and is more instrumental in effectuating the catastrophe than his prototype—the Graeme: but he shrinks into a subaltern of Bruce's at the beginning of the story; and must even employ the intermediation of the king to do all his courting,—the business which, more than any other, is appropriate to himself alone.

So much we deemed it necessary to say of a reigning fault in all the productions of Mr. Scott. We shall now resume the more particular consideration of his remaining poems.—Only two years after the appearance of *Marmion*—in 1810—Mr. Scott published *The Lady of the Lake*: a poem which is more uniform and polished in its diction,—more connected and probable in its story,—more busy and complete with incident,—more enlivened and variegated with character,—than either of its predecessors. At every step in his progress to originality, Mr. Scott seems to have left behind him some of the offensive peculiarities of the old ballad poetry,—retaining, at the same time, all that was attractive, enhanced by the vigour of his own genius, as well as by the advantage of appearing without alloy. When we first read the *Lady of the Lake*, we did not hesitate to extol it above both the *Lay* and *Marmion*: a number of successive perusals only operated to confirm our judgment; but lest some accidental circumstance of humour might have produced our preference, we have again perused the poem, with the rest of his works, for the purpose of composing this article, and we find our stubborn predilection still holding its ground,—even against the subsequent claims of *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles*. In his own way, Mr. Scott has decidedly surpassed every one of his cotemporaries:—

——Nil majus generatur ipso,  
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

But he that soars above competition seldom fails to slacken his efforts: an absence of motive takes away the vigour of exertion; and we think there is plainly discernable in the progress of Mr. Scott, a regular ascent from the Lay of the Last Minstrel to *The Lady of the Lake*,—and as regular a declination from *The Lady of the Lake* to *The Lord of the Isles*. He has followed the same track which was so often trod before him: applause has made him confident; confidence has made him careless; and the same faults, which were originally the effects of ignorance, become finally the result of relaxation. Yet, as Mr. Scott started from excellence, he can never sink to mediocrity; and however much we may place *The Lord of the Isles* below *The Lady of the Lake*, it must still be far above all other productions which aspire to the same species of eminence.

But let not decided preference be mistaken for indiscriminate admiration. We have before noticed the great defect in the story of Mr. Scott's chief work; and we will only add here, that nothing but the example of Achilles can at all excuse the absence of Malcolm Graeme from almost the beginning quite to the end of the poem.—A great many incidents of the narrative are linked together by improbability: but no part of the poem is so artificially composed as the whole canto of the combat. We are disposed to grant that the king of Scotland might withdraw himself from court without causing much disturbance; that he might grope his way to Ellen's sequestered grot without any very great difficulty; and that a maniac might accidentally be in his path, just in a lucid interval of reason, to warn him of his danger: but when we are told that Roderick slept alone, at the distance of almost a day's travel from his clan, and that the 'combat' took place just at the lucky spot where James had left his attendants, we begin to feel as if we were imposed upon, and are out of all humour with the writer, who expects our credulity to swallow such improbabilities.

The most important characters of the poem are drawn with the greatest skill and discrimination. James and Roderick are the personages in contrast; and we think the latter is made the most interesting of the two.—Mr. Scott has abused Malcolm Graeme in more than one instance. We know that the chase is a symbol of war; and we know also that Malcolm was never in a situation to



practice in the field of battle the skill which he had acquired in sylvan warfare; yet there are certain qualities in the character of a hunter which are little calculated to exalt that of a hero: much humbler persons than the Graeme are accustomed to value themselves upon knowing every pass through the forest "by lake or mountain;" and surely it sounds like a schoolboy's boast to say,—

"*Right up Ben-Lommond he could press,*" &c.

We know of nothing so busy as the chase of Mr. Scott,—except it be, what, for the sake of the antithesis, we may call *The Trip of Virgil*; and the thought has more than once occurred to us, that some of the chief incidents in the latter suggested a few corresponding ones in the former. Æneas starts from Sicily, and James from Stirling,—the one with his companions on shipboard,—the other with his followers on horseback; both are separated from their attendants; are wrecked, and find themselves in a solitary, unknown land; both resolve to wander in quest of its inhabitants; both are unexpectedly confronted by a huntress; and both are conducted by their new-found guides to a place where they least expected to see the remnants of ancient grandeur,—one exclaiming,—

Quis jam locus—————

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!

En Priamus: sunt hîc etiam sua præmia ludi!

the other,

Why is it at each turn I trace,

Some memory of that exiled race!

Can I not view a highland brand,

But it must match the Douglass' hand!

The descriptions of Venus and Ellen, as they appear respectively to Æneas and James, have both been marked with admiration; and we shall here transcribe them side by side, chiefly in order to notice an error in taste which is common to Mr. Scott and most of his poetical cotemporaries.

— humeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum

— dederatque comam diffundere ventis;

Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentes.

The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain,  
 With head up-raised and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art.

Now, as far as the word *apart*, this very animated description is intelligible to the most unlettered reader; because it is a faithful copy of an original which nature has furnished to every human being who has lived in society: but when Mr. Scott undertakes to illustrate the picture by a 'monument of Grecian art,' his meaning is only accessible to those who have visited the cabinet of the antiquary, or have seen the plates of the engraver; and he commits a fault analogous to that of the authors of the Ancient Universal History, who endeavour to give their readers an idea of the hillocks around the Dead Sea by likening them to those "places in England where there have been lime-kilns:" places which, to three fourths of their readers, are equally unknown with those of which they are attempting the description.—There is, besides this, another very cogent objection to such kind of similies. It is well known that almost all the monuments of Grecian art are taken from the descriptions of Homer; and even if, therefore, they were so scattered over the land as to be familiar to all readers, a comparison with them must aspire only to a third-hand delineation of nature.—We might easily protract quotations under this head from almost all the popular writers of this century; but our limits are too circumscribed; and we must hasten to the close of this article with a cursory review of Mr. Scott's two remaining poems.

His muse did not suffer her admirers to remain long without another proof of her fecundity. *Rokeby* was published in 1812. This is one of those works which grow interesting by acquaintance; and which, to be relished at all, must be read two or three times at least. There are some detached passages which complete their effect at the first reading; but the poem, considered as a whole, will never develop all its beauties till reperusals have rendered it familiar. The reason of this peculiarity is by no means difficult of explanation. The whole sympathetic effect of a catastrophe depends very obviously upon the relations in which the several actors stand towards each other; this knowledge, again, depends



quite as obviously upon the simplicity with which the incidents are successively connected together; and we need scarcely add, that the fewness of the characters contributes greatly to the simplification of the story. It is unnecessary, we suppose, to tell our readers how and where this observation is intended to apply. Had Rokeby, like Blackstone, been accompanied by a table of relationship, a superficial inspection of its squares, and octagons, and circles, all tied together in very definite beau-knots, would have spared us the trouble of reading the poem more than twice in order to comprehend the narrative: we should then have literally realised the description of another great poet,—*seca regentes filo vestigia*: but by the omission of this necessary appendage we are left to the alternative of utter ignorance, or endless reperusal; and we very much doubt whether one in ten of Mr. Scott's admirers has ever thoroughly understood the ties which connect the characters of his fourth great epic.

We are of opinion, too, that Mr. Scott's genius is by no means calculated to manage a complicated plot. Nothing can be more meagre, and ill held together, than the generality of his fables: yet with his masterly delineation of character, and his picturesque description of scenery, he contrives to make us forget the improbability of his stories: he hurries us along from one incident to another with a rapidity which leaves no space for reflection; and it is not till we have laid aside the book, that we are capable of investigating with a critical eye the several parts of the ground over which we find ourselves unaccountably snatched. All this must be done very slowly where he is to manage so much apparatus as we find in the story of Rokeby; and this circumstance, added to a little negligence, is quite sufficient to account for the comparative unpopularity of the poem.

The tremendous Bertram is one of Mr. Scott's very best drawn characters. The colossal stature of his body, and the gigantic depravity of his mind, have never been equalled, except in the heroes of the sublimer poets; and nothing, we think, can more plainly evince the versatility of Mr. Scott's descriptive talent than his success in sketching a personage so very different from the ordinary class of his characters. A very common fault is committed in enlisting our sympathy on the side of the villain, when stretched upon the floor at the commencement of the last canto; and perhaps

almost every reader is apt to take his part at the end, where he is pinned to the ground by the odds of twenty to one, just after he had performed the only laudable action of his life. The description of his death, and of his bursting through the conflagration at Rokeby, are among Mr. Scott's most happy efforts.

The last great production we shall have occasion to notice, was published in 1815, three years after the appearance of *Rokeby*. Here Mr. Scott has departed a little from the ordinary track of his poetry; and, by attempting to sustain a graver and more heroic tone than seems to be well-suited to his genius, has made *The Lord of the Isles* sink, in point of interest, beneath every one of his preceding works. The incidents are not unnaturally held together; and, indeed, peculiar pains seem to have been taken to assign a good reason for every thing that happens: but partly by inattention, partly by the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, and more than all by the detail of irrelevant circumstances, the poem is rendered heavy and tedious; and we are sometimes obliged to toil through several stanzas of barren circumlocution, without a single spot of good poetry to cheer us on the way. We are much too often drawn into an episode to view some old castle, which is described with all the technical minuteness of an engineer; and, excepting one or two initiatory lines in each stanza, the whole voyage in *Canto IV.* is very little more interesting than Homer's catalogue of ships.

The two Bruces are admirably delineated: but the good and evil qualities of Ronald, the nominal hero of the poem, so effectually neutralize each other, that he can hardly be said to possess 'any character at all.' He is by far too fickle, both in his loyalty and in his love. He abandons the cause of Bruce when it is desperate, and resumes it again as soon as it becomes hopeful: he breaks his faith with the Maid of Lorn to gain the hand of king Robert's sister, and reverts to his Edith when Isabel is withdrawn: but we could even forgive him every thing else, had he not sneaked into the favour of Bruce (in the fourth canto) by a mean prevarication about the scorn with which his proferred hand had been repulsed. He must have known that the coldness of Lorn was merely the reciprocation of his own indifference; and his attempt to escape censure by showing his enemy all to blame, is the



despicable subterfuge of every guilty conscience. At first view this judgment may seem to be severe; yet it grows righteous as we approach the abused, but unnatural Edith.—With all our knowledge of the inconsistencies which meet in human nature, we cannot believe that the high and haughty maid of the first canto should sink down into the dejected and helpless page of the fifth—be bandied about, crying and sobbing, through the greater part of the poem; and at last reappear in a complete resuscitation of all her charms. The improbability would be still more glaring, had not De Wilton led the way for Edith of Lorn.

We have now completed a general, and somewhat superficial review of Mr. Scott's chief poetical works. Of his other poems, some are too short for particular criticism, and some, that are longer, ought not to be disturbed in their progress to oblivion. We have likewise neglected to speak of Mr. Scott as an editor, and as an original writer in prose; in both of which characters his success has been loudly praised and liberally rewarded. As we are speaking of rewards, it may be well to mention, that from *Marmion* to *Rokeby*, Mr. Scott's increasing reputation was marked by an arithmetical progression in the price of his three poems: he received 1000 guineas for the first; 2000 for the second, and 3000 for the third.

We are now prepared to give what we conceive to be the character of Mr. Scott as a poet. He is a bold, rather than an original writer. He employs no new fables,—no new incidents,—no new characters: every thing in his poems is merely a repetition of what his readers have heard a thousand times before; yet if it be as much a mark of genius to make 'familiar things new' as to make 'new things familiar,' we must place him very near the first rank of our greatest poetical authors. In almost every stanza of his works he has contracted a debt to some of his predecessors; but the boldness with which he plucks, and the ease with which he adjusts a borrowed plume, takes away half the demerit of his semi-plagiarism; while the aptness of his appropriations, and the improvement which they seldom fail to receive from his own hands, very nearly abstract the other half, and leave Mr. Scott almost an original poet. In him we have, at all events, a notable example of what education and industry can accomplish upon a

mind which from nature did not perhaps receive any *very* strong characteristics of a poetical cast; and we are by no means sure that the readers of poetry are not wholly indebted to an accidental lame leg for five voluminous productions, which will continue to be read as long as taste shall sympathize with genius.

The best constructed story is no mark of poetical talents: in this requisite, accordingly, our readers need not be told by this time, we almost always find Mr. Scott deficient: yet for delineation of character and description of scenery, we hardly know where to look for a superior; and perhaps the number and variety of his productions would entitle him to a place among the very first of poets—were we not compelled to reflect that too much of his reputation, like that of many other individuals, is supported more by borrowed opulence than by original funds. If any part of his poetry is exempt from this allegation, it is the construction of his measure. He had to contend against all the prejudices of long established possession in his persevering endeavours to prove that the octosyllabic verse is strong enough to sustain the weight of epic matter. Seldom indeed does he attempt, and he always fails in the attempt, to assume the gravity of heroic composition: the verse of eight feet seems to be appropriate only to descriptions of a lively character; and Mr. Scott regularly succeeds best in those parts of his poetry which are busy with shifting scenery and rapid motion. In the parade of battle he is necessitated to march with something of Epic dignity; and on such occasions we find him proceeding with a solemnity which always appears unnatural, and not unfrequently ridiculous. We have remarked a great many times, that an adverb or a preposition repeated (as it is in the French) before each of several successive common substantives, often adds both to the dignity and to the clearness of language: but when the same process is observed in regard to proper names, which, as mere tokens of personality, cannot be supposed to possess any difference of meaning, and, of course, to need any emphasis of specification—there is something so affectedly stiff in the composition that we can hardly restrain our laughter—even in the midst of a fight. We allude now to such lines as these,

*“Where Huntly and where Home?”*

*“With Huntly and with Home &c. passim.*



In some instances, Mr. Scott has carried this affectation so far, as to render his language not only ludicrous, but absolutely nonsensical;—as in the second line of the following couplet, from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—where a separating preposition is prefixed to each of the individuals who are its objects:

“ For now arose disputed claim  
“ *’Twixt* Harden and *’twixt* Thirlestaine.”

Perhaps, we cannot better express our opinion of Mr. Scott, than by contrasting him with his rival in popularity, the unfortunate lord Byron. Of the personal character respectively sustained by these two poets, we have the same means of judging which are possessed by all their readers:—We know them by their works; and from these it is plain, without the aid of antithesis, that they are fundamentally different sorts of men, both in the conception and in the expression of their thoughts—in the choice as well as in the treatment of their subjects. Gloomy and misanthropic, Byron seems to receive a kind of piratical pleasure in the company of those who hate all the rest of the world, and wage indiscriminate warfare upon friends as well as foes.—Scott loves his species; he feels the influence, while he acknowledges the authority of moral principle, and of civil government; and would be one of the first to wield the sword or the pen in exterminating the corsairs of the world. Their heroes differ from each other as the magistrate differs from the delinquent—as Hercules differs from his monster. The Turks and Algerines would arrange themselves under the banners of Byron:—Scott would enlist the whole human race besides.

Nor do the characters of the two poets approach any nearer a parallelism when we come to the subject of description. Byron finishes an outline with a few bold, but careless strokes; and while his portraits are almost always original, they are not unfrequently extravagant:—Scott is by no means timid or cautious: his hand is free and easy; but he seems to have disciplined it into such thorough obedience, that, like the Parisian Manes, he can strike out a complete circle with a flourish of his pencil; and although he may sometimes delineate an unnatural feature, yet never perhaps did he produce an entire monster. When Byron

has described a sketch, he leaves it to be filled up by the imagination of his readers:—Scott anticipates the whole of this labour: “nescit manum de tabula tollere;” and never takes his hand from the canvass while a single feature remains untouched. Byron sculptures a bust and leaves the rest of the body in the rudeness and imperfection of the native marble:—Scott fashions every limb, shapes every muscle, traces every artery; and leaves not a hair of the head to be either extracted or supplied.

\* \* We do not much regret that the above was written before we had an opportunity of seeing an English book, entitled “A Dictionary of the Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland,” besides a great many other things in the title-page, which are belied in the contents. In the language of the editors themselves we were not “forgetful that a Dictionary of this class cannot be *too* copious in its facts;” and accordingly we turned to the biography of Mr. Scott, with an expectation of finding some interesting matter which might enrich our own meagre article; when we were disappointed and provoked by the following barren notice of his life and writings:—

Walter Scott, Esq. one of the clerks of the court of session, and deputy sheriff for the shire of Selkirk, is the son of Walter Scott, Esq. a counsellor, by Elizabeth, daughter of David Rutherford, Esq. also an eminent practitioner of the same profession at Edinburg. The mother of Mr. Scott died in 1789; and some of her poems have been printed. She was intimate with Allan Ramsay, Blacklock and Burns; so that genius in this respect seems to have been hereditary. Mr. Scott, who has been lame from his birth, was educated at the High School of Edinburg under Dr. Adam, and next at the University, under professor Stewart. After going through the forms of an office with an eminent writer to the signet, he was called to the Scotch bar, and through his alliance to the Buccleugh family, obtained the situation of one of the principal clerks to the court of session. His first literary performance was a translation of Goethe's German play, entitled “Goetz of Berlinchingen,” published in 1799; but this did not gain the translator any reputation. As an original writer, however, he has obtained a distinction above most of his cotemporaries, having the merit of adapting the old ballad style of composition to



the higher range of poetry. As an instance of the popularity of Mr. Scott's works, we subjoin a statement of the comparative sale of *Rokeby* and the *Lady of the Lake*, in nearly four months, as submitted by the publishers.—Sold of the *Lady of the Lake*, from June 2d to September 22d, 1810,

2000 quarto at 2l. 2s.	- - - -	7.4200
6000 octavo at 12s.	- - - -	7.3600
<hr/>		
8000		7.7800

Sold of *Rokeby* in three months (January 14th to April 14th, 1813)

3000 quarto at 2l. 2s. (less 120 remaining)		7.6048
5000 octavo at 14s.	- - - -	7.3500
<hr/>		
8000		7.9548

His works are, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1802, 5th edit. 1812; *Sir Tristram*, a metrical romance of the 13th century, by Thomas of Ercildown, royal 8vo. 1804, 2d edit. 1806; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 4to. 1805, 8vo. 1808, 13th edit. 8vo. 1812; *Ballads and Lyrical Pieces*, 8vo. 1806; *Poetical Works*, 8vo. 5 vols. 1806; *Marmion*, a tale of Flodden Field, 4to. 1808, and in 8vo several editions; *The Works of John Dryden*, with a life of the author and notes, 18 vols. 8vo. 1808; *Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 4to. 1808; *Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts*, a new edition, 12 vols. 4to. 1809, 1812; *Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers*, 2 vols. 4to. 1810; *Poetical Works of Anna Seward*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1810; *The Lady of the Lake*, 4to, 1810; *The Vision of Don Roderick*, a Poem, 8vo. 1811; *Rokeby*, a Poem, 4to, 1813, 5th edit. 8vo. *The Works of Jonathan Swift*, 19 vols. 8vo. 1814; *The Lord of the Isles*, a Poem, 4to. 1814; *The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland*, with *Descriptions and Illustrations*, 4to. 1814.

## AN ESSAY ON THE SKEPTICISM OF THE LEARNED.

For the Analectic Magazine.

“INCREDULITY is the wit of fools.”—So says sir WALTER RALEIGH; and, really, when we consider how easy it is to doubt, and how difficult it is to prove, incredulity becomes a species of wisdom which every body may acquire. True it is, that the skepticism of HUME went so far, as not only to doubt every thing, but actually to doubt whether he doubted; but it was not his incredulity alone that ranked him among the first of philosophers. If he had not possessed learning, and penetration; singular calmness of inquiry, and matchless felicity in that quality of the mind which is termed generalization—in fine, if he not been a first rate *reasoner*, he might have doubted till dooms-day, without gaining a single disciple. But the generality of men seem to think, there is a much cheaper road to the honours of philosophy—and that they have only to shake the head, and affect to disbelieve what in truth they have never taken the trouble to examine, in order to obtain the appellation of learned incredulity.

DESCARTES, it is said, once took it into his head to doubt his own existence;—but at last very gravely resolved the difficulty by this syllogism: “I think, *therefore* I exist.” A very satisfactory demonstration, no doubt! Another philosopher would have placed thought as the *effect*, rather than the *cause* of existence. But Descartes was very well satisfied with the contrary process of reasoning, as it led to the important convictions that he was a real and bona fide being. Every body, however, does not enter into inquiries of this or a similar nature with the same candour and earnestness as Descartes; and, indeed, there are many who never begin to listen to demonstration, without first stoutly *determining*, like MOLIERE’S doctor, “not to be convinced.”—If, peradventure, the reader of this essay, has not yet made the above wise resolution—I shall respectfully submit to his judgment a few facts, and some remarks upon them, to convince him on what frail grounds HUMAN KNOWLEDGE is BUILT, and how much easier it is to *deny* than to *inquire*. Although what I urge may have the appearance of paradox, the evidences I bring to support my positions, will stand upon their own intrinsic worth, or must be beaten back by better testimony.



COLUTHOS LYCOPOLITUS was a very animated poet, and together with PINDAR, HESIOD, and PLUTARCH, forms an exception to the maxim that Bœotian air was breathed only by dunces. It is also not unworthy of notice, that while the rest of the Greeks were so ill-natured as to call Bœotia the land of stupidity, they were so singularly inconsistent as to make one of its mountains, *Helicon*, the abode of the Muses, and consecrated to these nine ladies many of its fountains and rivers!—The COLUTHOS above mentioned, is the author of a beautiful little poem, entitled the “Rape of Helen”—on which title sir EDWARD SHERBURNE makes the following “not unpleasant” remark: “The word *rape* must not be taken in the common acceptation of the expression; for Paris was too courtly to offer, and Helen too *kind-hearted* to suffer such a violence.” Now, the inference I would draw from this annotation of the learned sir Edward, is, that neither Coluthos nor HOMER would have immortalized this beauty and her gallant, *if such personages had never existed*. I grant, that if every jot of the ILIAD be fiction—the story as it is blazoned by the deathless bard, would nevertheless have secured its descent to the latest posterity; and if HOMER was convicted of taking his materials from the exhaustless stores of his own invention, rather than from historical fact, we could only class him with PROMETHEUS, who stole his fire from Heaven—and apply to him the epithet so beautifully applied to SPENCER—“that celestial thief!”

But, are we to believe the Iliad one entire fiction, because Mr. BRYANT says so? 'Tis true, this gentleman possesses peculiar attainments, and his classical learning is almost without an equal;—he has written a book\* for the express purpose of showing (not that the embellishments and machinery of the Iliad are merely *poetical*—which indeed we all know) but that “no such city of Phrygia, as Troy, *ever existed*; and (consequently) no such expedition was undertaken against it!”—What shall we say to this? Must we now be taught, that what we considered as built upon historical basis, and which was indebted to *that belief* for its principal charm, is nothing but a vision—the brilliant but lying invention of an ingenious Greek? Must the pleasures and impressions of our boyish days, which time and reflection have matured to conviction, be in a moment snatched away? Strange incredulity of

\* Dissert. on the Trojan war, &c. &c.

learning! The Greeks long before the time of Homer,\* were in possession of the principal facts concerning the siege of Troy. They preserved these as matters relating to their own history—and from *their* traditions did Homer gather the materials he has wrought with such exquisite skill—making his subject not only a national story, but a picture of human nature. And now, *only twenty-eight hundred years after the Iliad was written*, comes forward Mr. BRYANT, that Colossus of erudition, and tells us—there is no such thing.

For myself, I have always believed the siege of Troy by the Greeks, to be as fundamentally true, as the siege of Rhodes by ALEXANDER. I have contemplated Hector and Achilles, and Eneas, and Diomed—not indeed as matches for the immortal gods, but to have been as real and ‘legitimate’ heroes, as Buonaparte and Wellington in Europe, or our M‘Comb and Carolinian Jackson, in America.

But the incredibility of the learned stops not here. Were the question *only* made with respect to the Trojan war, the evil would have some limits. This is an isolated fact, of high antiquity, and not necessarily involving in its authenticity, the authenticity of any other historical event. It may indeed, as a *precedent*, give room and authority for further innovations. But it could not with its fate drag down the immortality of the Greek name, nor obliterate those splendid achievements which have emblazoned the roll of fame.

An American writer† has very boldly started a new theory about the original peopling of the earth; but candidly says his demonstration of the subject is “by a process of reasoning *not hitherto advanced*.” This confession might reasonably preclude any remark, were it not a notorious fact, that although our cosmographers have disagreed upon every thing else, all of them (who have any pretensions to philosophy) have agreed that the *old world* was never peopled by the *new*. Dr. Mitchell, however, has his “learned skepticism” upon the subject; and ingeniously leaving out of consideration the *moral* as well as *natural* phenomena that start up on all sides against his theory, determines the fact, that our enlightened Indians were the ancestors of the Asiatics!

\* G. Wakefield—preface and annot. on Homer.

† Professor Mitchell, in a letter to De Witt Clinton.



Now, had the professor calmly considered the following facts, the chances are that the world would not have been amused with his hypothesis.—1st. Several physical evidences are still in existence, and were more completely so when America was first discovered, that the northern continent was, not many centuries ago, almost entirely covered with water—not exactly the natural element of mankind. 2d. If the learned world were again to bring into fashion the exploded notions of lord BACON's "Prime" and "physical retrogradation"—it would still be rather absurd to suppose, that while the children of the Americans, wandering from their native homes, had reached the summit of perfection in science and civilization, the *fathers* were, with their paint, their nakedness, their bows and arrows, *standing still*, as nature first formed them, in savage aboriginality. This indeed would not have been a *moral* retrogradation; it would have been something stranger. It has been generally agreed that the *oldest* nations have been the first civilized; and we are led rather to believe that a few tribes of wandering Tartars had peopled North America, than that a few tribes of wandering and ignorant Americans had laid the settlements of the great Asiatic states. 3d. It is the opinion of certain learned rabbins, that when the Deity first created man, he formed an Adam and Eve for every climate under the sun; and, when we consider how difficult it must have been for the descendants of a single human pair to have settled in the most inhospitable climes—to have seated themselves upon solitary rocks, in the midst of ruthless seas, which navigation, even in this era of science, dare not approach—we must candidly allow, that the hypothesis of the rabbins would solve all difficulties upon the subject. Dr. Mitchell, however, has venturously thrown himself into the crowd of theorists, and trusts, apparently, more to ingenuity than to judgment.

How many travellers have been charged with falsehood until successive writers have confirmed their narratives. *Wallace* and *Byron* were considered as extravagant fabulists, when they told the world of the enormous size and prodigious strength of the Patagonians.\* Philosophers began to talk about the mountains these people stood upon;—of the reflection and refraction of light;—of the laws of optics and perspectives; and speculations to that purpose. But when *Cooke*† *confirmed the relation*, the public were

\* Voyage Round the World.

† First voyage.

somewhat startled, and even the "learned skeptics" allowed that the Patagonians were a large-boned set of fellows, and then began to speculate whether they might not have descended from the gigantic Germans whom *Tacitus* describes.

*Hernandez* and *D'Acosta* discovered, in South America, human bones and skulls of an amazing size. What were the *cubic contents* of the latter, we might easily guess. *Clavigero*\* asserts that it is an old tradition among the Mexicans, that their country "was first inhabited by giants." Mausoleums are still to be seen, where their skeletons are deposited. I know, that a learned and ingenious memorial was printed in France, (under the reign of that great encourager of physical science, *Napoleon Bonaparte*,) to show that these were the bones of some large amphibious animal. But I think it more probable—since there are pigmies in Lapland—that there should have been giants in America, than that any people should be so moon-struck as to build tombs for sea-horses.

What can appear more incredible than the accounts we receive of the AMAZONS of antiquity? Their very name has been given them from  $\alpha$ , non,—and  $\mu\alpha\zeta\omicron\varsigma$  the breast: for, we are told, they burnt or cut off one of their breasts, in order to draw the bow with greater facility and strength. What confirmation does their existence not derive, from the Amazons of America, who have given their name to the greatest river in the world! Thus, then, we have a nation of women—of female warriors and politicians! Ladies who may discuss the issue of a campaign themselves are engaged to fight; and the consequences of a treaty themselves are to form!—Yet, of the existence of the Amazons of South America, Dr. JOHNSON tells us† that CONDAMINE has collected and preserved various memorials; and of those of Caucasus the testimony, though old, is still more extensive and strong. QUINT. CURTIUS states, that Thalestris, queen of the Amazons, visited ALEXANDER, and "desired to have posterity by him." This patriotic and modest request, the historian adds with great gravity—"obliged Alexander to make a longer stay in the place." The ladies will not believe in the confident boldness of this virago, and yet have no "skepticism."

\* History of Mexico, lib. i.

† Idler.





# CHRONICLE.

## SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS,

DURING THE LATE WAR, BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN  
VESSELS.

(Continued, from our June number, from the British Naval Chronicle.)

“ ON the 14th of August following, a sloop action between us and the Americans yielded a similar result to the last. The force of the Pelican I take from that of the heaviest of our brig sloops, and the number of men she had in the action, from captain Maples’ letter. The force of the Argus in guns, I also obtain from the same source, and her killed and wounded from other accounts of the action, subsequently published. No American official account has yet appeared in print.

**PELICAN.**  
(Rating 18, mounting the same,)  
And, perhaps, a boat gun.

<i>Broadside.</i>	
3 32lb. carronades,	256lbs.
1 6lb. long gun,	6
	<hr/>
	262lbs.
	<hr/>

Men and boys, 116.  
Measurement, about 380 tons.

**ARGUS.**  
(Rating 16, mounting 20 guns.)

<i>Broadside.</i>	
9 24lb. carronades,	216lbs.
1 12lb. long gun,	12
	<hr/>
	228lbs.
	<hr/>

Men of the usual quality, 136.  
Measurement, about (English) 385 tons.

*Superiority on the British side:*

In weight of metal, as eight to seven.

*Superiority on the American side.*

In number of men, as six to five.

In size of vessel, equal.

“ The captain of the *Argus* was a great favourite, and had his vessel fitted out in every respect as a fighting ship. His crew had iron skull caps to defend their heads in boarding, and were so tall and stout that they were ashamed at being compared with their conquerors, who were certainly, in appearance, a very indifferent ship's company. No great loss was sustained on either side in this action. Ours was seven killed and wounded; of the Americans, one account says forty, another, probably the most correct, twenty-three.

“ Among the occurrences of this year, we must not forget the chase of the *President*, late American frigate, in company with the *Scourge* privateer, of ten guns, and one hundred and twenty men, for three days and nights, (light all the while) off the North Cape, by the *Alexandria*, a twelve pounder thirty-two, and the *Spitfire* sloop; of (united) actually less than two-thirds the force pursued. It was reasonable to doubt this at first; but the concurrent testimony has since confirmed it. The commodore's journal of his cruise has this item:—‘ July 19th, was chased from our cruising ground off North Cape, by a line of battle ship and a frigate; from the lightness of the wind, and several shiftings of it in their favour, the chase was prolonged to eighty-six hours.’ In another place he admits the *Scourge* was in company. This is a very sore subject to American naval officers. During this cruise, the commodore captured H. B. M. schooner *Highflyer*, of five guns, late tender to admiral Warren. That is the only circumstance that can account for the term *brilliant* being applied by the government papers to this, the commodore's five months' cruise. On lake Ontario we captured and destroyed the American national schooners *Julia*, *Ontario*, *Hamilton*, and *Scourge*, and on the ocean the *Shannon*. The *Morgiana*, of twenty-two guns and fifty men, was taken by the *Barossa* frigate; she was formerly a British whaler, taken and commissioned by captain Porter, and appears in the American navy list as a regular man of war. We this year sustained a se-



vere but not disgraceful loss on lake Erie, as well as of the Dominica schooner, and Boxer gun brig, of which affairs I shall proceed to a statement of the latter action. It took place on the following month, but the exact day is not recollected. Our brig had two officers and some men absent; the Enterprize aware of that circumstance, put to sea with the avowed purpose of attacking her, therefore was fully prepared for battle. No British official account of the action has appeared. After many gross misstatements in the American papers, the following estimate of the force on both sides was deemed tolerably correct:

BOXER.		ENTERPRIZE.	
(Rating 14 guns, mounting the same.)		(Rating 14, mounting 16 guns.)	
<i>Broadside.</i>		<i>Broadside.</i>	
6 18lb. carronades,	108lbs.	7 18lb. carronades.	126lbs.
1 6lb. long gun,	6	1 9lb. long gun,	9
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	114lbs.		135lbs.
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Men and boys, 64.		Men, "picked, as usual," 130.	
Measurement, 180 tons.		Measurement (English) 220 tons.	

*Superiority on the American side.*

In weight of metal, as six to five.

In number of men, as two to one.

In size of vessel, as eleven to nine.

"The death of captain Blyth, in the very onset of the engagement; the loss of the main top-mast, almost immediately afterwards; and the want of officers, fully competent, perhaps, to second the wish of their fallen chief, were untoward circumstances, even had the number opposed to them been less than double the Boxer's crew. Yet did the gallant little band make good use of their guns for the enemy; they killed and wounded fourteen, losing of themselves, in killed and wounded, notwithstanding the vast disproportion we have noticed, only twenty-one. It will not surely be too much to say, that forty more men, and a skilful officer, would have changed the result of this battle. Of all vessels in his majesty's navy, never was there so despicable a class as the ten, twelve, and fourteen gun brigs. They in general sail like colliers, and in actual force are an undermatch for most of the privateers that fit out from America. They are ever likely to be-

come the grave, not only of the lives, but the reputation of valuable officers and men; and I hope to see them all, ere long, forever erased from the list of "British king's ships."

"Now comes a new era, and I trust it will prove a single one in American naval chronology—a victory in squadron! The 10th of September, 1813, saw this event happen: an event, nevertheless, that reflected no dishonour on British seamen, but exhibited additional proofs of their devotedness to the good old cause of their king and country. At the very commencement of the highly interesting letter of commodore Barclay, detailing this unfortunate action, will be found the following words: "So perfectly destitute of provisions was the port (Detroit,) that there was not a day's flour in store, and the crews of the squadron under my command, were on half allowance of many things, and when that was done there was no more." In another place he says, "No intelligence of seamen having arrived, I sailed on the 9th instant, fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands; nor was I mistaken." Again he says, after recounting the loss of the battle, "Manned as the squadron was with not more than fifty British seamen, the rest a mixed crew of Canadians and soldiers, and who were totally unacquainted with such service, rendered the loss of officers more sensibly felt." It clearly appears then, that thus "deplorably manned," and with crews half famished into the bargain, the British squadron was obliged to put to sea and risk a battle with the squadron of the enemy. What that squadron consisted of I will show presently. Many weeks before the action took place, the American newspapers informed us that one hundred, and again, one hundred and fifty, and so on, of "prime seamen," had left the ships of war in Boston and New York, to join the fleet on lake Erie. Besides these, which we may estimate at three hundred and fifty at least, there were soldiers, riflemen, and volunteers of every description, flocking on board from the neighbourhood. There is no getting at the number of men wholly engaged on either side in this battle, but I have no doubt but in point of seamen only, they exceeded us full as six to one; and perhaps in the aggregate number of each squadron, as four to one. The armament of the ships, both British and American, I am enabled to give correctly, as well from captain Barclay's offi-



cial account, as from American statements published *previous* to the action. In number, our ships amounted to six, theirs to nine. Without naming or interfering with the ships on either side, I here present the broadside weights of metal of the two squadrons, reckoning all guns on *pivots*, and odd or shifting guns, as belonging to the broadside.

BRITISH.		AMERICAN.	
<i>Broadside of squadron.</i>		<i>Broadside of squadron.</i>	
Long guns, 1 24lb.	24lbs.	Long guns, 3 32lb.	96lbs.
1 18	18	5 24	120
5 12	60	6 12	72
8 9	72	Carronades, 21 32	672
3 6	18		
2 4	8		960lbs.
1 2	2		
Carronades, 8 24	192		
6 12	72		
	<hr/> 466lbs. <hr/>		

*Superiority on the American side.*

In weight of metal, full as two to one.

"Here was a mighty difference in force, yet was not the battle gained without a struggle, and a hard one too. We were peculiarly unfortunate in the loss of officers, every one commanding vessels, and their seconds, were either killed or wounded. Notwithstanding this *two to one* victory,\* our loss in killed and wounded scarcely exceeded the enemy's.

"It was on our side, one hundred and thirty-five, on the American, one hundred and twenty-four, and would have been still greater on their part, but for the complete success of a *ruse de guerre*, or, in common parlance, a Yankee trick, practised on board the commodore's flag-ship, the *Lawrence*. This was no other than lowering down the colours to obtain quarter, and rehoisting them at a convenient opportunity, to resume the fight! So much for

\* A massy service of plate has been formally presented to commodore Perry by the citizens of Boston, expressing, on the inscription, a victory obtained over "a very superior force!"—Surely the Americans deserve a patent for lying.

American honour! After this *unexpected* victory, the American commodore, believing himself (what he is among his countrymen called,) a *second Nelson*, begins his official letter with Almighty God, &c. similar to the heading of that written by the immortal hero himself, after the battle of the Nile; and so surprised was he at the small number of prisoners he took, that in a second letter, close upon the heels of the first, he informed his government that the British loss was "tenfold" that of his own. Much blame was certainly due *somewhere*, but not to commodore Barclay; for his squadron being forced to sea in search of food, and for his not having forwarded to him sailors to man his ships. Commodore Perry chuckles greatly on his good fortune, as well he may; and he often declares, that for many days while his two large brigs were building, *one hundred* men might have destroyed them in an hour. He adds, also, that it took him nearly a whole day to warp these brigs out of the harbour, without even ballast in them (a bar across the entrance,) and that a very small force sent against him at that time, would have made an indifferent day of the 10th of September."

*Continuation of the Remarks on "the Synopsis of Naval Actions, fought between the British and American ships of war," in the British Naval Chronicle.*

THE next action to be investigated, is that between the *Argus* and *Pelican*, which resulted in the capture of the former, and the death of her commander. Whatever credit the writer of the *Synopsis* may take for this victory, we freely give him. We admit that the *Argus* was taken by a British sloop of war, whose force was not materially greater than her; and whoever admits this, is pretty well qualified for a belief in miracles, whenever they shall come properly authenticated. It is one of those rare accidents which sometimes occur in the course of worldly events, and which, defying all calculation, and being in direct contradiction, not only to the usual course of events, but to the ordinary effects of known and acknowledged causes, are set down by the worldly as resulting from chance, by the orthodox, as the effect of a miracle.

We will not stain the memory of gallant, but unsuccessful men, by stating in extenuation of defeat, that they were unskilful,



negligent, and physically inferior to their opponents. Both reasoning and sentiment deter us from this paltry and ungenerous mode of propping up the national honour, by dishonouring the defenders of the nation, as if the honour of the nation was not compounded of the spirit, gallantry, and intellect of individuals. The perpetual recurrence of the writer of the Synopsis to this mode of defence, which consists in dishonouring the character of British officers and seamen unfortunate in their defeats—still more unfortunate in an inferiority which they cannot help—and yet more unfortunate in having such an apologist as this writer—weakens the cause he has undertaken to uphold, and is therefore a proof of his own weakness; it is also a proof of his want of generosity, since it is insulting the feelings of the unfortunate, by placing their misfortunes to the account of their own deficiencies. In order to bolster up this victory, and make as much of it as possible, the British officer states, that “the captain of the Argus was a great favourite;” and so he was—and had he not so been, we would not, for the paltry purpose of excusing a defeat, wound the immortal part—the reputation—of a gallant officer, whose body perished with the wounds he received in defence of national rights—we might almost say, of the universal rights of man.

The next item in the Synopsis, is the fabulous account of a celebrated chase of the President frigate, achieved by a small British frigate and sloop of war, in the North Sea. What renders this achievement still more prodigious is, that the President was then in company with the American privateer, the Scourge, of ten guns and one hundred and twenty men! We presume this story is brought forward as an offset against one a little better authenticated than the foregoing: we mean the unaccountable *neglect* of the captain of the Plantagenet 74, in not coming to an engagement with this same frigate President, who offered her battle off Sandy Hook, under the idea of her being a frigate. This overture was declined, and, as the captain of the Plantagenet, on his trial for this at Bermuda, alleged, in consequence of the mutinous state of his crew, some hundreds of whom were then actually in irons—notwithstanding the extreme loyalty of British sailors, and the exemplary firmness with which they resist the attempts of the Americans to “seduce” them from their allegiance! This affair was attempted

to be got over, by substituting the Loire frigate for the Plantagenet; but that it was the Plantagenet, we are authorised to affirm, not only from the trial of her commanding officer, but from the express admission of an officer of marines then in the squadron cruising off New York, and now a consul in one of our ports. The absurd and ridiculous story of this North Sea chase, is, we conclude, brought forward by the British officer as a sort of salvo for this, and its falsity is sufficiently apparent from the fact, that the line of battle ship was once nearly within gun shot of the President, and only missed coming up with her, by the most unskilful management. It was plainly and distinctly perceived that she was a double-decker, a circumstance which might possibly be questioned, were our officers as much in the habit of being frightened into magnifying as our cousins of England; but that not being the case, they could not possibly have mistaken a small frigate for a seventy-four, at the distance she approached at one period of the chase.

This story is inserted in the Synopsis, we presume, with a still further object. The writer is just on the point of coming to the affair of the Boxer, and what was far more embarrassing, the victory of lake Erie. Something was necessary to be done by way of flourish before he ventured to introduce these bloody dramas. As an additional argument, if any be wanting as to the falsity of this story, it is within the recollection of all, that at the time the President was on this cruise, the English newspapers teemed with accounts of the exertions of the admiralty to capture that vessel. At one time it was said, that one-and-twenty vessels had been despatched in various directions in pursuit of her, and it is worthy of special remark, that in no instance was there a less force than two frigates together:—they hunted like hounds, in couples; and no frigate and sloop of war were suffered to be alone together in any sea, where they were likely to encounter this terrible “bunch of pine boards.”

In order to garnish this excellent story of the North Sea chase, and put his reader in good heart for the sound drubbings he is about to receive, our “British officer,” parades the capture of the schooners Julia, Ontario, Hamilton, and Scourge, on lake Ontario, and of the Shannon privateer, and Morgiana, a prize



taken by captain Porter in the South seas. The said schooners mounted from one to two guns; the Shannon we know nothing about, she not being a national vessel; and the Morgiana was a prize-vessel, mounting six or eight guns, instead of twenty-two, as related by this accurate and arithmetical writer. Now there is a great deal of art in this method of making the most of a miserable exhibition. It is a pity, however, it is not original. We remember when boys to have been at a miserable puppet-show, where Punch and his wife played at fisticuffs, and knocked each other down, till the audience having in vain wished for something else, began to grumble very audibly. The poor fellow was at last obliged to sneak out from behind his old blanket that served as a skreen.—“*That’s all, gentlemen and ladies,*” said he, “*but here’s an alligator nine feet long.*” This ingenious attempt to eke out his exhibition with a stuffed alligator, highly tickled the spectators, and the puppet-show-man got off with whole bones. It is likely the “British officer” might have heard this story when he was “on the American station.”

In noticing the affair of the Boxer and Enterprize, which he at length ventures to introduce, after the “stuffed alligator nine feet long,” he states the superiority in favour of the Enterprize, as six to five in weight of metal—two to one in the number of men—eleven to nine in tonnage. Among other disqualifying circumstances, he also notices the absence of two officers, and a number of men from the Boxer. Who or what the officers were, and where they had gone, or what were the number of the sailors thus absent, and the cause of their absence he does not state. It is therefore probable, they were not absent at all, but that this is a “mean invention of the enemy” to weaken his force for the purpose of excusing a defeat. Indeed his whole information, with regard to this affair, seems to be extremely vague and inconclusive, since he cannot tell even when it happened, only that it took place some time in the month following—“the exact day not being recollected.” We will assist his memory—it was on the 1st of September, 1813. We have some right to conclude, that his information on other points connected with this action, is equally defective, since he himself states, that no official account of it had been published. We will endeavour to assist him also in these particulars.

It is a matter of not much consequence, whether the *Enterprize* went out expressly to meet the *Boxer* or not. Ships of war in time of actual hostilities, we presume, expect to meet some enemy or other, and consequently are, or ought to be, prepared for such encounters. Our object in stating counter-facts to this assertion of the writer of the Synopsis, is merely to show with what slight temptations he deviates from the truth, and that consequently, where he is biassed by strong interests, no reliance *ought* to be placed on his assertions, when they are contradicted by men yet unconvicted of misrepresentation. By the official account of the action, it appears that the *Enterprize* sailed from *Portsmouth* the first of September; that in consequence of having received information of some enemy's privateer being on the coast, she steered to the eastward, and on the 5th of September, fell in with and captured the *Boxer* off *Portland*. Such is the simple statement, and as it is difficult to conceive any motive for disguise on the part of the surviving commanding officer of the *Enterprize*, it is decisive against the authority of an anonymous writer, whose total ignorance of his profession would incline us to question his claim to the character of a British naval officer, did we not know that even they are *sometimes* a little, a *very* little ignorant, and whose total disregard of facts appears in almost every statement.

Now, the *Boxer* was cruising off an enemy's coast, and that was a reason for her to be prepared for battle. Her commander, there is little doubt, knew perfectly well that he was in the neighbourhood of an enemy's vessel, of force equal to that of his own; and this was another reason to be completely prepared for battle. His confidence in himself was such, that he sought the engagement, and though this may be politely ascribed by the "British naval officer" to the intemperate and uncalculating gallantry of British sailors, *we* at least know that British sailors are not more intemperate, except in their cups, than other people; neither are they more apt to encounter a superior enemy, if they can avoid it without disgrace:—they never obeyed an order from the admiralty, with such wonderful alacrity, as that for running away from the American frigates, and bore the disgrace of submitting to such orders with most exemplary philosophy. By way of bravado, the captain of the *Boxer* caused the colours to be nailed to the mast;



so that when she was beaten she hailed the *Enterprize*, and said she had surrendered, "*but that the colours being nailed to the mast could not be got down.*" Such a thing has never been done by our officers, and we hope never will be. Should the time ever come when a regard for their own honour and that of their profession—and a devotion to the cause of their country, do not furnish ample inducements to do their duty—nay, *more* than their duty—it will not be the nailing the colours to the mast that will sustain the reputation of the American flag. In truth, it is a silly practice, and seems to indicate that a man doubts either his own fortitude, or that of his associates. It is like tying up the legs for fear they should run away in the heat of the battle. It is a barbarous practice, too, because it exposes the men to be killed by the enemy after all resistance has ceased, since it is the hauling down of a flag which is the only acknowledged signal of submission in the day-time.

The writer of the Synopsis states the number of men on board the *Enterprize*, at one hundred and thirty, "all picked men, as usual;" while the whole number on board the *Boxer*, men and boys, was only sixty-four. Setting aside the improbability that a vessel of war should be cruising off an enemy's coast in time of actual hostilities, with so great a deficiency of men as is here stated, we have the authority of the officers of the *Enterprize* in saying, that this number is under-rated nearly one half. Lieutenant M'Call, the surviving senior officer of that vessel, states, that not being able to procure a muster roll of the *Boxer's* crew, he could not precisely ascertain the number of killed and wounded, "but from information received from the officers of that vessel, it appeared there were between twenty and thirty-five killed, and fourteen wounded." The fact is, that the number stated by the writer of the Synopsis, as constituting the original crew of the *Boxer*, is the number of the surviving crew, after she was taken. Captain Hull states, in a letter to commodore Bainbridge, that he visited the *Boxer*, and "counted upwards of ninety hammocks in her nettings, with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks;" and that besides her own crew, she had several of the *Rattler's* men on board. The *Enterprize* rates at twelve guns, but carried sixteen; and her officers and crew, according to her

muster-roll, amounted to one hundred and two. She is an old vessel, and of a light built. The Boxer is a strong new vessel, rated at twelve guns, but carrying, at that time, eighteen, and her crew, from every circumstance that can be collected, amounted to one hundred and four. But to put the whole matter at rest at once and forever, we will quote an extract from the decision of a court martial, consisting of post captains, held on board his B. M. ship Surprise, at Bermuda, on the surviving officers and crew of the Boxer. "Having heard," say they, "lieutenant M'Creery's official letter and narrative of the action, and strictly examined the said lieutenant, and the surviving officers and company produced to the court, and carefully investigated all the particulars attending the capture of his majesty's brig Boxer, by the United States' vessel of war Enterprize; and having maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the whole, and every part thereof, the court is of opinion, that the capture of his majesty's brig Boxer, by the United States' vessel of war Enterprize, is to be attributed to a superiority of the enemy's force, principally in the number of men, *as well as to a greater degree of skill in the direction of her fire, and the destructive effects of her first broad-side.*" After this admission, it would seem that the British naval officer might have saved himself the trouble of accounting for the result of the action, but really, he seems so smitten with the charms of rhodomontade, that he pursues it sometimes *con amore*.

In this affair, both of the commanders were killed. They were both young men of great promise; both were mortally wounded in the early part of the action; both were carried to the grave in the same procession; and they both lay buried side by side in the church yard at Portland. We are not acquainted with the particulars of captain Blythe's dying moments, but those of Burrows were dignified by a degree of heroism which ought not to be forgotten. Though mortally wounded, he remained on deck until he received the sword of his opponent, which he grasped with enthusiasm, and exclaimed "I am satisfied—I die contented." It may be said that this mode of dying is not original, inasmuch as many heroes have expired almost with the same words, and in the same manner. It may be so. But he who in the last agonies of expiring nature—in the very act of being



divorced forever, from every thing dear to his affections, and every object beautiful in the glorious works of the Creator, is sufficiently master of his mind even to *imitate* a hero, must be himself actuated by the soul of a hero. It is not alone those who act on a great scale, and wield the force of great empires, that are exclusively entitled to the admiration of the world, when they chance to die heroically. Their rank and station imposes absolutely upon them the responsibility of dying well—and he who has been all his life striving for the admiration of mankind, must be weak indeed if he fail in the last great act of his life. The surviving officers of the Boxer erected a neat monument to the memory of their deceased commander; but the grave of Burrows remained without any other distinction than that conferred by his courage, and the manner in which he died, until a gentleman of New York\* directed a monument to be erected, which, while it records the worth of the deceased, stands equally a memorial of the munificence of him who caused it to be placed there.

The unlucky British officer, whose destiny seems to have marked him out as a special instrument for destroying the remaining reputation of the British navy, concludes his account of this affair with a most ludicrous phillipic against the particular class of vessels to which the Boxer belonged. He affirms that they are utterly “despicable;”—that “they sail like colliers—are not a match for an American privateer, and are likely to be the graves not only of the lives, but the reputations of valuable officers and men.” It is a pity to laugh at a man in such extremity as this, but one can’t help it, though it may be a little indecorous. We are irresistibly reminded of a testy school boy, who having *stubbed* his toe against a stone, turns round and vents his spleen against the poor stone, instead of blaming his own want of foresight and calculation, the true cause of his disaster. Having scolded the ten, twelve, and fourteen gun brigs roundly, because they can’t beat the Americans, he proceeds: “Now comes,” he says, “a new era, and I trust it will prove a single one in American naval chronology—a victory in squadron!” alluding to Perry’s victory of the 10th September, 1813, on Lake Erie. It appears that he had not, at the time of writing this, heard of just such

\* Mr. Davis.

another victory gained on Lake Champlain, or he would have assuredly suppressed the note of admiration at the end of this pretty sentence.

The first cause he assigns for this new and original disaster of his majesty's arms, is that the sailors were very hungry, and that the ships were not only half starved, but also half manned. Yet in this situation commodore Barclay most imprudently, according to the very letter quoted as authority for the foregoing assertions, "sailed on the 9th, fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands." Is this probable? Or if it be true, was there ever a more fool hardy expedition than this undertaken either on land or on water? Perhaps however the commodore recollected that the most extraordinary victory the English ever gained, was that in France, at Agincourt, if we mistake not, where they fought the better for being hungry, and calculated upon a like result in this case. In addition to this, the number of vessels, according to the authority of the officer, was as six to nine, and the weight of metal as two to one in favour of the Americans. These facts he says are taken from American statements published *before* the action. *Where* they were published, or how long before the action—or what alterations in the relative force had taken place in the interim, he does not say, and we will now supply these omissions in the most material points.

The British officer is correct in the respective numbers of each squadron, but entirely and wilfully wrong in their number of guns and weight of metal. From the official statement of commodore Perry, the following comparative result is obtained, viz. that the enemy's squadron carried sixty-three guns, and the American fifty-four. The whole number of guns mounted on *seven* of the *nine* vessels constituting the American force, was *fourteen*—the other two vessels carried twenty guns each. The whole number of men in the American squadron amounted to three hundred and fifty, and the number of prisoners alone, captured in the British fleet was three hundred and twenty, almost equal to the whole number of Americans to whom they were opposed. Yet in the face of these facts, derived from sources not to be questioned, and without adducing any authority whatever for his assertions, the writer of the Synopsis has the deplorable fool hardihood



to state as the result of *his* calculations that the number of Americans engaged in this conflict was as *four to one* to that of the English, and the weight of metal as *two to one*. This really outdoes his former attempts, bold as they were. But such is the history of misrepresentation every where. It begins with caution, but gradually acquires strength and confidence as it advances, and at length fearlessly overleaps the boundaries both of decency and probability. Thus we find the "British naval officer" immediately after this, asserting without producing any authority whatever, that notwithstanding this superiority of two to one and four to one, the loss of the Americans was only eleven men less than that of the British, when it is stated on undoubted estimates to have been sixty-one, instead of eleven. He then proceeds to complain bitterly of commodore Perry's quitting his ship the *Lawrence* to go on board the *Niagara*. This he calls a "Yankee trick," and in order to make something of a good story of it, couples it with the assertion that the *Lawrence* struck her flag, while commodore Perry was leaving her, and hoisted it again, when he had got safely away. It is difficult to remark on such unblushing falsehoods, with the temper worthy of one writing in the support of truth. There is a miserable weakness, coupled with a weak and ineffectual malignity, the product of a fractious and disappointed arrogance, that renders them almost unworthy of notice.

On what ground does he make this despicable assertion? Has commodore Barclay ever sanctioned this charge?—Or if the charge had been true, would he, as he did, ever have toasted commodore Perry at a public dinner, given him at Tenebonne, in Canada, as "*Commodore Perry, the gallant and generous enemy?*" Nay, moreover, has any British officer, honourable or without honour, ever publicly charged commodore Perry with this departure from the modes of honourable warfare? Nay, still further, has any newspaper or publication whatever, even hinted at such a thing? No—it was left for this "British officer on the American station" to convert the most brilliant personal act of the whole war, into a charge fatal to the honour of him who performed it. Shame on the despicable and malignant hostility, that descends to such paltry falsehoods to stain the fame of those it cannot conquer! This may be a revenge worthy of Britons, but it would disgrace any nation

except one from whom none can expect either candour or justice, unless they become subservient to her views of uncircumscribed ambition, or insatiable vengeance.

We will quote two or three other passages of the preceding part of the Synopsis, and then conclude for the present number, tired as we are of exposing, and, as we suspect, our readers will be of seeing the exposure, of a chain of weak and petty misrepresentations, linked together by the aid of still weaker reasonings and conclusions. To our own countrymen, this exposure is unnecessary;—for those who are not already satisfied, must be happily elevated above the influence of fact and argument. But there is a possibility, and we cannot help cherishing the hope, that chance may place these numbers before the eyes of some of the people of England, and that from them they will learn how the “British officer on the American station” has imposed on their ignorance, and sported with their credulity. This is the only chance they have of coming at the truth, since it is now a pretty notorious fact to the rest of the world, that this commodity is very little cultivated in the British publications of the present time. In Spain, when they were beaten, they laid it to the charge of the cowardly Spaniards; and if they gained a victory, modestly took all the credit to themselves. Even Walter Scott, whose reputation, whether deserved or not, ought to have placed him above this national infirmity, has lately written a poem on the battle of Waterloo, in which the Prussian army, which, to say no more, had at least an equal share in the victory, is introduced and dismissed in one single line, and there, only appear chasing the enemy whom the British had routed! But this subject will perhaps again come before us.

The writer of the Synopsis proceeds to remark, on this action, as follows:—“After the unexpected victory, the American commodore, believing himself (what he is among his countrymen called) a second Nelson, begins his official letter with Almighty God, &c. similar to the heading of that written by the immortal hero himself, after the battle of the Nile; and so surprised was he at the small number of prisoners he took, that in a second letter, close upon the heels of the first, he informed his government that the British loss was *tenfold* that of his own.”



Here is another pleasant specimen of home-bred arrogance, which, instead of receiving it as a compliment, that the gallant young officer, who had just beaten the very sailors with whom lord Nelson beat the French and Spaniards, and annihilated a British squadron—and who, in so doing, had freed his countrymen, along an extensive frontier, from the invasion of hordes of savages, and paved the way for the conquest of a province, larger than all England, should *condescend* to imitate lord Nelson—actually converts it into a proof of his presumption! Really it seems impossible to please some people, and since they are so difficult to please, we think the Americans will be perfectly right in not attempting it any more. If we are patient under injuries, they condemn us—if we resent them, they abuse us—if we surpass them, they stoutly deny it—and if we imitate them, they call it sometimes a want of original genius, sometimes a proof of presumption. It is difficult to deal with a people so singularly perverse; to be friends with them long seems to be utterly impossible; and if, on any occasion, they are chastised into a momentary respect, their old habits return upon them with an irresistible impetuosity, and those who take the trouble to correct them, have at last only their labour for their pains.

If commodore Perry really had Nelson in his eye when he wrote this obnoxious letter, we think it was paying his lordship a high compliment. There is no very material objection to our officers imitating him in the laconic style of his letters, provided they refrain from following his example in other matters not quite so unexceptionable. There is, however, hardly any hope of their ever equalling him in the brilliancy of his achievements, as they have no lady Hamilton to inspire and direct them in the pursuit of glory:—still less is there any hope of any of them ever arriving at the singular honour of having their dead bodies exposed, as spectacles like beasts and monsters, at the price of a shilling a head.

We have looked over the commodore's official letters detailing the particulars of this action, and in none of them can we find the assertion ascribed to him by the writer of the Synopsis, that "the British loss was *tenfold* that of his own." From this, and other suspicious circumstances that have lately come under our observation, we are strongly inclined to suspect, that our official

letters are not always published *verbatim* in England. If the writer ever saw it in a letter of commodore Perry, it was an interpolation: if he did not, he is guilty of dishonourably imputing to another words of his own invention, and charging him with a falsehood of which he himself is the author. Such being the case, we must be permitted to doubt very seriously, whether we Americans merit the compliment bestowed upon us by the British officer in the concluding note, to that part of the Synopsis which we have just given to the reader. As the English writers have denied us a claim to the invention of steam-boats, and various other important matters, we will not deny them (to use the elegant words of the British officer,) "*the patent for lying*," which, with such unexpected liberality, he concedes to us. High as the power of intellect may have carried the people of that country in arts, science, and literature, there is, perhaps, nothing in which they so much excel, as in *original invention*, that great characteristic of genius. Whether this power be exercised either in the invention of tales and fables, for the amusement of mankind, or the construction of libels for the purpose of deceiving them, it is still a proof of genius; and the less foundation there is for such libels, the greater the power of original invention, of course. Whoever will take the trouble of reading the Synopsis, and various other British publications of like nature, will, whatever may be his partiality to his own country, be thoroughly satisfied, that the British claim to the "*Patent*" is altogether incontestible.

(To be continued.)



## SELECT REVIEWS.

*On the late Persecution of the Protestants in the South of France.* By Helen Maria Williams. 8vo. pp. 62. Price 3s. 6d.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

OUR countrywoman in Paris, has availed herself of an advertisement in the English Journals, containing the words—"H. M. Williams's Confession," to introduce to the British public a Letter on the late Persecutions of the Reformed in France. Whether anxiety to perfect her exculpation, zeal for the Protestant interest, or any other feeling of a more ordinary and business-like nature, dictated the correspondence, we presume not to determine; but this letter forms a bulky pamphlet, of 62 pages, of very large bold type; and besides a great deal more of extraneous matter, one whole quarter, that is from p. 16 to p. 32, consists of the tale of other times, and anecdotes of the sufferings of Protestants in the *good* days of Louis 15th, &c. &c.

The Letter is however highly important, from the circumstance of its being written by a distinguished Protestant in Paris, who must have had access to the best informed persons in the Protestant Communion, and also to many respectable fugitives from the various scenes of desolation. And it is still more important, as it is written by a devoted admirer and a voluntary panegyrist of the Bourbon family, under whose reign these unhappy events have taken place. The *Times*, the *Courier*, and even the *Christian Observer*, may surely venture to quote this Pamphlet, as pure and high authority.—Does Miss Williams, then, with the last publication, style the tragedies of the South, "*PRETENDED persecutions?*" or, with the others, describe them as the mere factious struggles of Jacobins and Bonapartists?

The following extracts will furnish our readers with the means of forming a just decision on this point:

'The persecutors of the nineteenth century have not entered into the niceties of religious belief; they have not, in the indulgent spirit of their predecessors under Louis XIV, proposed the alternative of "*La messe ou la mort*;"—"repent, or perish; become

Catholics, or we kill you;" they have proceeded at once to execution; their victims were marked, and they have plundered and murdered as their fury directed, wherever they found *Protestant* property, or persons professing the *Protestant* faith.'

'From whatever cause this violence has proceeded, the Protestants *alone* have been the victims. Were it a local insurrection against property or lives, such as sometimes has desolated parts of France during the revolution, the assailants would not have been so discriminate in their choice. It is on Protestants *only* that their rage has fallen: and the selection of the professors of this faith appears to them an unequivocal proof, that it was an organized religious persecution. We were for a long time incredulous; and, what added to our incredulity on this subject, was, that this persecution should have taken place while the country was in possession of the Protestant powers of Europe, by either of which it might instantly have been crushed.

'The silence and inaction of these Protestant powers, led to the disbelief of such violence arising from such a cause; but diplomacy is observant of etiquette, and interference with the internal government might have been deemed a humiliation of royal authority. The foreign troops were also too much occupied in skirmishes, and sieges, and in re-forming the museum, to heed disturbances in the departments: no French army existed.

'What then were the crimes which have drawn down on the heads of those respectable Calvinists, the persecution of which they have been of late the victims? Crimes! their foulest enemies bring none to their charge. One leading cause of this persecution dates from far: it is a renovation of that old spirit of *fanaticism*, which once infected even the court; and which, driven from the powerful and the great, now sought for refuge in the lowest of the multitude.'

In comparing the former and the present state of the Protestants, with that from which they have lately been reduced, Miss Williams does homage to the revolution, the abuses of which she will not be supposed to advocate.

'Amidst all the various phases, (she remarks) of the French revolution, the star of religious liberty had moved calmly in its majestic orbit, and cheered despairing humanity with a ray of celestial radiance. Amidst the violations of every other principle, the domain of conscience appeared to be consecrated ground, where tyranny feared to tread.'

'The revolution took place, fraught with all happy omens for the Protestants. They cast their eyes back on the iron bondage of the past, on the edicts of the last hundred years against their fathers, and blessed the dawn of religious liberty. Yet during the constituent assembly, how many hesitations, exceptions, and discussions took place on the subject of the Protestants! It was with



some difficulty, notwithstanding the proud promulgation of equal rights, and equal laws, that they obtained the privilege of being tolerated. Rabaut St. Ethienne fought against the Abbé Maury, under the shield of Mirabeau, who exclaimed, "that he knew nothing more intolerable than toleration."

'The Protestants were now tolerated in the public exercise of their worship, and enjoyed their civic rights, but they received no portion of what was allotted to the ministers of religion by the government; to whom, on the contrary, they paid an annual tribute for the hire of the churches in which they officiated. Their state was that of temporary tranquillity—but it was not confirmed repose.' p. 33.

And, finally, alluding to the reign of Bonaparte, she makes this full and candid declaration.

'Whatever might have been the advantages to the pope, the church, or Bonaparte, from this compact, the Protestants completely gained their cause. It was no longer the persecuted, or the tolerated sect. They were at once enthroned in rights equal to those of the Catholic church, and became alike the objects of imperial favour.' p. 37.

But no sooner does our letter-writer come down to the period of the restoration, than she adopts the language of apology; and is even compelled to acknowledge, that a sad reverse has been experienced.

'The royal family of France (she says) returned. By some oversight in the king's charter there was mention of a state religion, and the Protestants were consequently obliged to sink back to toleration.

'The charter had been less favourable with respect to their religious rights than the concordat; but they were justly satisfied in believing, that their religion could never have been safer under a ruler, indifferent to every system of faith, than under the protection of a pious and philosophical prince. Secure in the virtues of the monarch, and the lights and philosophy of the present times, they little dreamt that they should ever become again the objects of religious persecution.'

'It might have been hoped that the conduct which the Protestants had observed since that glorious epocha which confirmed to them their religious rights, would have disarmed the most rigorous of their foes. They had showed no exultation in the victory they had obtained; their joy had been confined to their own bosoms, or breathed in secret thanksgivings. The blessings of the revolution had not been perverted by them to any private advantage; they had not been forward to solicit the honours, but had always cheerfully borne their share in the burdens and charges of the state.

‘ But no conduct, however void of offence, can disarm the malignant passions. The tranquillity enjoyed by France during a few months after the first return of the king, presented no means to the fanatics of gratifying their rage, except by menaces.

‘ We were then far indeed from any conjecture that the disastrous event of the landing of Bonaparte on the coast of Provence was so near. He glided rapidly by the southern provinces, and established himself at Lyons. His presence affected the Protestants in *no other manner* than as it affected all other Frenchmen.

‘ Amidst the most important changes in the state, many partial disorders took place in various parts of France. Partial insurrections were formed, and various outrages committed at Marseilles, Montpellier, Toulouse, Avignon; and the disorders of Nismes were long believed at Paris to have the same source, and to be no other than the last convulsion of political contests.

‘ But it was at length recognized that, when the troubles which had prevailed in other provinces were hushed into peace, the department of the Gard was still the scene of violence and horror. It was found that some evil of a darker hue, and more portentous meaning than the desultory warfare of political parties, hung over the devoted city of Nismes. A fanatical multitude, breathing traditional hatred, was let loose:—the cry of “Down with the Hugonists!” resounded through the streets. Massacre and pillage prevailed; but Protestants *alone* were the victims. The national guard of Nismes, composed of its most respectable citizens, had been *dissolved*, and a new enrolment of *six times the number* had taken place, and in which many of the fanatics had found admission. Here, and here only, by some cruel fatality, the national guard betrayed its trust, and abandoned its noble function of protecting its fellow-citizens. In vain the unhappy Protestants invoked its aid; no arm was stretched out to shelter, or to save them!—their property was devastated without resistance, and their murderers were undisturbed.’

After such testimony, it is unnecessary to offer any arguments; we shall therefore conclude by an extract, which, though sufficiently bombastic, will prove that Miss Williams differs as much from the *apologists of persecution* in this country, on the character and conduct of the dissenting ministers, as on the nature of those evils which they have laboured to arrest:

‘ The high-toned and generous resolves, proceeding from the three denominations assembled in London, and which were echoed by all other denominations, were not unheard in France. This intervention was the calm commanding voice of a great people lifted up against persecutors, and claiming kindred with the persecuted. Its sound in Paris was noble and persuasive; and it glided over the South like that sacred harmony of the heavenly host, which spoke to the watch of shepherds “of peace and of good-will.”’



*Leaves.* 8vo. pp. 184.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

'IN seeking an appropriate title for these little poems' says the author, 'I have feared to imply too much; I have called them *Leaves*.' But what leaves are they? rose-leaves, of faint but undeceiving fragrance, fit for a lady's dainty apparel; or bay leaves, or myrtle leaves, such as may form an ever-green chaplet for the bard? Or are they such leaves as nobler trees in the exuberance of their strength put forth in honour of the spring, and shed with the changing season to the passing breeze,—leaves whose only value was their freshness, and which we tread upon in soberer age, and moralize on their decay. Our author has taken for the motto on his title page,

' — leaves that strow the brooks  
In *Vall' ombrosa*.' Milton.

They are leaves that have fallen, we suppose, in the silence of contemplative solitude.

The volume consists, in fact, of a series of poems, of very unequal merit; some of them are imitations from the Italian; others reminded us of Gessner's Idyls: none of them display any considerable degree of energy of mind, or originality, but they are for the most part highly elegant and pleasing. They are such productions as would never confer distinction on their author's name, but yet they afford no reason for concealing it. 'Children' are the subjects of most of them. 'Beauty,' 'Attachment,' 'Sensibility' 'Evening,' are the titles of others. The author scarcely attempts any thing of a higher character. They are what the title designates them,—*leaves*. We select the following as no unfavourable specimen:

' THE CHILD LOVE, AND GENIUS.

' It chanced in lonely vale afar,  
By woods, and purple evening shaded,  
While o'er it hung the Idalian star,  
That Love, with tiny pomp, paraded.

' "And mine the scene, and mine the hour!"—  
He said, and flung his bow beside him;  
But as it fell it crushed the flower,—  
His own dear flower when joys betide him!

' Then sorrowing wept the wayward child,  
His pride was gone, his star declining!  
When Genius o'er him cheering smiled,  
And lent his lyre,—with amaranth twining.

' He touched, and triumphed at the tones;  
 (Though but to sooth had Genius meant it;)  
 And soon its mightier power he owns,  
 And oh! the heightening grace he lent it!

' Wondrous the charm! its plaintive sound  
 Through all the heart's recesses roving;  
 While beamed its strings in light around,  
 And loveliest visions o'er it moving.

' The boy with rapture viewed the lyre,  
 As on its chords his touch reposes;  
 Yet, childish still, with fond desire,  
 Would change its amaranth for roses.

' Then Genius loud exclaimed—"Forbear!  
 Nor from my lyre its own wreaths sever!—  
 But, wiselier, twine thy flowrets there,  
 To bloom with mine, and bloom for ever!"' pp. 37—39.

The volume is not entirely free from a species of affectation which may be styled the pedantry of taste: and it displays, perhaps, more reading than thought. The *Cottage Girl*, p. 17, might have been omitted with advantage. The following poem, too, is liable to objection on the score of being either a very improbable or a very ill-told story. We must confess, that we do not quite understand, whether our author designed to represent the child as an interesting *infant suicide*, or to convey the idea, that he mistook the unconscious wave for 'emerald groves' and a heaven of beauty, and fell by the sea shore, a victim to the calenture!

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*The Russian Prisoner of War among the French.* By Moritz Von Kotzebue, lieutenant on the general staff of the imperial Russian army, knight of the order of St. Wladimir. 8vo. 9s.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THIS authentic and artless relation of a Russian officer, who belonged to the corps of Wittgenstein, in Poland, but was taken prisoner on the 10th of August, 1812, and sent to France, cannot fail to excite interest, when it is known to have been edited by the celebrated dramatist. But independent of the curiosity which that circumstance is calculated to produce, the work itself, as giving a faithful picture of the French character and manners, will be found entitled to attention and respect. Many amusing anecdotes are here related, and a vein of impartiality pervades the whole narrative.



## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE rapidly improving taste for literature and science, and the consequent efforts to cultivate them in our country, are among the most gratifying indications of its general advancement in whatever can give strength, felicity, and true glory to a nation. An evidence of that taste and those efforts is afforded by the increase of our literary and philosophical societies. These establishments, arising from the love of learning, become themselves a new cause for promoting it, and increase the source from which they spring. They answer besides several other useful and agreeable purposes. They offer refined relaxation to professional men: they provide congenial company and interesting conversation for persons who are devoted to study; and they enable those who aspire to advance the sciences and extend the bounds of human knowledge, to conduct their inquiries with greater facility and make their experiments upon a larger scale. The National Institute of France and the London Institution, are illustrious examples of what may be accomplished by means of such establishments. From the rich materials for observation which those societies provided, and the clusters of genius they collected together, have emanated some of the noblest inventions and discoveries, which have ever benefited or delighted the world: inventions which enable man to subdue, restrain, or render subservient to his own use, the most dangerous and apparently the most uncontrollable powers of nature: discoveries which develop and explain the wonderful mechanism of the movements of the celestial bodies; discoveries at which even their authors look back with astonishment, and the contemplation of which almost induces ordinary men to doubt of their own mortality, and claim kindred with a divine nature. We should not be surprised that such institutions have been made the object of foolish ridicule; nor should we be deterred from the attempt to emulate them because their proceedings are sometimes aped and burlesqued by ignorant and presuming people, who having nothing else to do, give themselves some scientific nickname,

and meet to talk of the weather, and make ludicrously solemn faces at each other.

We have been led to these reflections by the re-perusal of Mr. Elliott's admirable address to the Philosophical Society of South Carolina. It was briefly noticed in our number for February last, (p. 187) but we are persuaded that most of our readers will be gratified to have it entire; for although it was delivered so long ago as the month of August, 1814, we apprehend it is yet but little known beyond the state in which it was first published. The correct, enlarged, and liberal scientific views; the practical good sense, the unaffected modesty, (not always a characteristic of philosophers,) and the excellent style of writing which it exhibits, do honour not only to the author, but to the society in which he presides, and the community by which it is patronised.

It would, we think, be desirable that all the addresses and other communications made to such societies should be first printed in separate pamphlets; from which selections should be made in due time of such as were worthy of being preserved in their proceedings. A printed paper is more easily examined, and more justly appreciated than the best written manuscript. Public opinion would aid those who were entrusted to make the selections, and friendly criticism might enable the authors of the chosen productions to correct and improve them. The records of these societies might thus be kept clear from rubbish; an article of which a very large proportion has been sometimes admitted into the works of very learned bodies. We should regret exceedingly to find any thing of this kind bound up along with Mr. Elliott's discourse: If the Society of South Carolina will exclude from their philosophical compilations, whatever is not worthy of being placed beside that production, they may not indeed publish often, but their volumes will rank among the most distinguished records of science.

*An address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina: by Stephen Elliott, Esq. President of the Society.*

GENTLEMEN.—In obedience to the appointment of the society, I rise to address you; and little as I may have merited the honour you have conferred upon me, I should feel still more unworthy if I permitted the calls of business, or private avocations, to



excuse me from the performance of any duty you may impose upon me, however imperfectly the execution may answer your expectations or my own wishes.

In associating to prosecute and encourage literary and philosophical pursuits, you have given a testimony of your respect for science, and of your desire to render an important service to your country; of your wish to promote researches which give dignity to individual reputation, and are *eminently* calculated to advance public welfare, to multiply national resources, and to elevate national character. In the prosecution of this design let us add zeal to knowledge, and perseverance to enterprize.

In the early dawn of science in modern Europe, literary and scientific societies began to flourish, and with the increasing day they have continued to multiply. Men of science have every where been eager to encourage their formation; nations have sometimes considered them an ornament and a benefit. Their uses are important and diversified. Not designed to form theories, to establish or support particular systems, either in science or in art; it has been their more humble province to collect the scattered and fading rays of philosophic light, to record detached and isolated facts, to encourage the pursuit and investigation of truth, to give to science popularity, to draw the human mind, if possible, from the trivial and often unworthy inquiries of momentary interest or passion, and to afford the friends and cultivators of literature and philosophy some point of union and of concert. It is not easy, now, to determine how much these associations have aided the improvement of civilized society, or added by their labours and researches to the mass of human knowledge. Their task has been to collect the stone, the mortar, and the block, with which the future architect may rear his edifice, and like the workmen of the quarry, although their individual labours may be unnoticed or hidden in the finished structure, yet, have they, nevertheless, essentially contributed to its solidity or magnificence.

In Europe, where the pursuit of science has long been a cherished and a fashionable occupation, and where the number of literary and scientific men has become so great as almost to crowd and jostle on the road, societies have been formed to promote the study of each distinct branch of knowledge: but with us it has been deemed advisable to unite in one society all who should be willing to associate in our labours; while by arranging our members into different classes, and assigning to each class distinct and determinate objects, each individual will find himself co-operating with associates, having common views and occupations.

On this occasion it will not, perhaps, be an inappropriate theme, to recal to your remembrance, and to present to public view, the great objects of our association, and after passing briefly in review the arrangements of the society, after faintly delineating their extent and magnitude, to offer some general observations on their

ultimate importance and value. I feel that this sketch will be drawn with a weak and unsteady hand. To few has it been given to view the extended field of science with strong and distinct vision, to portray each separate compartment in colours at once luminous and true; nor will time permit me to do more than merely to point out the extent and importance of our pursuits, their influence on individual character, and on national prosperity.

The objects to which the society has deemed it advisable to direct the attention of its members, have been distributed into the following classes:

#### I. MATHEMATICS AND MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY.

The mathematics form one of the great foundations of science; in their first elements an attainment of indispensable necessity to society, in their higher branches distinguished for the sublimity of their views, and the extent and utility of their application. This science is peculiarly the science of truth, no doubt hangs upon its processes, no uncertainty attends its result. Whatever relates to number, to proportion, to magnitude, it exclusively comprehends. All the branches of mechanical philosophy, mechanics, optics, hydrodynamics, astronomy, are but illustrations of its principles in the wonderful diversity in which they are applicable to matter when in motion or at rest.

Armed with its intelligence, man reduces to system the extended movements of the universe, reduces to order the erratic marches of the planets, brings to measurement their distances, their magnitude, their density, their velocity; explains their apparent irregularities and eccentricities, calculates and determines the all-pervading power of gravitation, numbers the stars in the firmament, and metes out the limits of the constellation.

The mathematics give to geography its precision, and of course all its value; they point out to the mariner his track on the pathless ocean, to the traveller his road through the untrodden wilderness, to the miner his rout in his subterranean journey. Many of the arts of civil life, architecture, civil, naval and hydraulic, fortification, surveying, navigation, depend exclusively on their assistance, and most of the machinery that gives to man such stupendous power is formed and guided by their principles. Without their aid, society itself, like some neglected column, or tower, like Palmyra or Babylon, would moulder into ruin.

In the investigation of mathematical and geometrical truths, some of the most profound and sublime efforts of the human intellect have been displayed. Yet, after all that has been accomplished, this science is not exhausted; even in that field which has been explored by the great minds of a Euclid, an Archimedes, a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Leibnitz, a Newton, a Euler, a La Place, there remain many hidden truths. Discoveries still due to genius, merited rewards for labour. And in the application of mathema-



tics to the pursuits and occupations of man, to mechanics, to machinery, to the arts, the limits are perhaps interminable.

## II. CHEMISTRY, INCLUDING ELECTRICITY, GALVANISM AND MINERALOGY.

No science is so intimately connected with the pursuits of man, or mingles so extensively with his occupations, as chemistry. It embraces the whole range of created nature, it comprehends in its researches, all substances animate or inanimate: it explores their elementary principles, it unfolds their combinations, it traces their affinities, it ascertains the result of new associations, new combinations. In every employment we feel its influence or want its aid. Most of our arts and manufactures have their foundations in the principles of chemistry, or are guided and enlightened in their progress by chemical researches. In our food, in our medicine, in our clothes, in the decorations of our houses, we trace its operations. The processes of the dyer, the painter, the gilder, the glass maker, the potter, the tanner, the distiller, the brewer, the baker, are purely chemical; and metallurgy, which extracts the metals from their earths and ores, and gives to man these instruments of power, exhibits one of the triumphs of chemistry. Gunpowder, which has made so great a revolution in military science, and changed the whole artillery of war, is a chemical compound. The power of steam is generated, guided and governed by chemical processes, while the application of its gigantic force is left to mechanical arrangement.

Chemistry ascertains the nature and properties of those airs or gases, which exist in the atmosphere, and perhaps pervade all nature; it analyses the composition of the atmosphere and endeavours to elucidate its changes. Hence those modifications of the air, which constitute the science of meteorology, the result of combinations of the gaseous fluids, varied probably by electric and magnetic influence, become objects of chemical inquiry.

Electricity, from its influence on the atmosphere, from the impossibility of reducing its laws to mathematical calculation, and from its general effects on chemical analysis and combination has been referred to this class. With it has also necessarily been connected galvanism. This wonderful modification of electricity, whose very existence is a late discovery, and whose prodigious effects have been but recently made known, has now become one of the most powerful re-agents of chemistry. No discovery in very recent days has opened so new and extensive a field of experiment, as the voltaic, or galvanic battery, nor one which has excited more general or anxious inquiry. It had long been doubted whether the earths and alkalis, as known to us, were simple elementary substances. While some were thought to have affinities to the acids, others were supposed to consist either of elements still more simple and which had not yet been detected, or to be the oxyds of unknown metals. Galvinism has partly

realized these conjectures. It has already proved that the alkalis are metallic oxyds. It now promises to decompose many of the earths, to render more accurate the knowledge we possess of elementary substances, perhaps to discover new elements. With every increase of agents, science will possess new powers, and may exhibit new combinations, new actions, new results.

Mineralogy has also been referred to chemistry, because, in the last resort the composition and value of all fossils must be determined by chemical analysis. This science, for a long time neglected and abandoned to ignorance and prejudice, has within a short time obtained the popularity and attention it so justly merits. While chemistry has been engaged in analysing and ascertaining the component substances of different minerals, men of system have endeavoured to arrange them in natural associations, and to discriminate them by fixed and certain characters. The systems before the age of Linnæus scarcely merit attention, and his arrangement of the mineral kingdom, though exhibiting some marks of his profound and discriminating mind, never acquired the celebrity, which his systems of the vegetable and animal kingdoms have so justly obtained. Yet he merits praise for having directed the attention of mineralogists to the crystallization of minerals. Bergman and Wallerius added something to the science; and Cronstedt had the merit of first exhibiting a system, formed on uniform, if not truly correct principles. His classification of minerals is strictly chemical, and although superseded or neglected in the extensive discoveries of later years, is still entitled to attentive consideration. Two more recent systems now occupy and divide public opinion.

Undoubtedly one of the most ingenious and profound systems, which has ever been offered to the attention of the world, is the mineralogy of the Abbe Haüy. Availing himself of the lights which had been thrown on the science of crystallography by Linnæus, by Bergman, but principally by Romé de Lisle, he has formed a theory more accurate and more extensively applicable to crystallized mineral substances than any of his predecessors. Ascertaining by the mechanical division of different crystals, that each distinct species is composed of homogeneous particles, or as he terms them, integral molleculæ, he endeavoured by a profound combination of mechanical and mathematical skill, to discover the primitive form of each species, whether that form resembled the integral molleculæ, or, whether by a combination of those molleculæ it assumed a new figure, and then determined by mathematical calculation the ratio of increment or of decrement, by which these primitive forms could be made to assume each variety of crystallized figure, which in fact it did exhibit, or could possibly exhibit. Adopting then the integral molleculæ, or primitive form, as the type of each species, he arranged around the primitive species, each modification of the crystal, as distinct varieties. As every step in this process was determined by mathematical prin-



ciples, no theory, as far as it extends, can be more completely scientific. It has, however, some defects; in the first place, of several species, unquestionably distinct, the integral molecule, and primitive form, appear to be the same, or if nature has really made a distinction, it is too minute for human investigation.— This shakes the very foundation of the system, which is built on the idea that each distinct species of mineral has a primitive form, peculiar to itself. In the second place a great proportion of fossil substances are presented to us in rude amorphous masses or fragments, exhibiting no trace of crystallization. As it is impossible therefore to detect, the integral molecules of such substances, they cannot be arranged under the system of Haüy. It may also be doubted, singular as the objection may appear, whether this system is not too scientific to become a popular one. For it not only required profound mathematical knowledge, a knowledge very distinct from mineralogy, to discover the principles of this theory, but it will require much, even to understand it, at least sufficiently to ascertain new species, or to refer new varieties to their proper station around some known primitive form.— It has, however, rendered more extensive and more accurate our knowledge of crystallography, and has enlarged the bounds of science.

Widely different is the system of Werner. Founded entirely on external characters, on colour, figure, lustre, transparency, fracture, weight, and modes of crystallization, it is avowedly popular and practical, being established on those qualities most obvious to the senses, and most easily retained by the memory. Its leading principle is to associate in natural groups, or families, such minerals as nature appears by their external characters to have allied, unmindful of their component substances, as determined by chemical analysis. It would indeed appear that some of the pupils of Werner, with perhaps Werner himself, doubt the accuracy of those analyses which separate substances that seem to be naturally allied. While this system is liable to the objection of departing widely from chemical arrangement, of associating in some instances fossils whose component parts are materially dissimilar, and of separating others that appear in the hands of the chemist to be nearly allied, it has the merit of being strictly mineralogical. Its descriptions and characters are drawn from the obvious features of minerals themselves, and not from the collateral lights of chemistry and the mathematics. It uses these sciences, but they do not constitute its foundation: and it is but justice to remark, that the school of Werner is said to have produced the best practical mineralogists in Europe.

After all, however these systems are but conjectural and tentative: and as we are still obliged to refer every new substance to the laboratory of the chemist, before we can know its constituent parts, or its value in the arts, or in commerce, mineralogy, however we may arrange our cabinets, or marshal our specimens, must remain a branch of this "Universal science."

## III. ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

Zoology, even if you except from it man, the first link in the chain of terrestrial beings, and the most worthy of our investigation, has still many claims to our attention. The relation which the more perfect species of animals bear in their structure and physiology to man, has thrown light upon many of the obscure functions of the human frame, and renders comparative anatomy an object of interesting research; while the imperceptible grades by which animals descend on the scale of being; the variations in their organization; the loss of some functions and powers, the acquisition of others; their peculiar conformation, whether adapted to fly, to run, to swim, to creep; their increasing simplicity of structure, and gradual diminution of vital power, until the animal, by insensible transition appears to be lost in the vegetable, open a field and afford objects for observation no less amusing than instructive: neither in an economical view is this study less important. The multiplied relations of man to the animal kingdom, his extensive dependence on it for food, for clothing, for service, for health, and even for amusement, would seem to require from him a well directed attention to their organization, their habits, and economy. How valuable to man would be the domestication of other animals, that in new capacities, or with different powers, should render him as much service as the horse, the ox, or the sheep. From the other orders of the animal kingdom (besides the mammalia) we derive now many articles that supply the wants and add to the conveniences of civilized life, and an increased knowledge of their history and habits would enlarge the amount of their present services, and diminish many of the evils we suffer from them: even Entomology, the most neglected and depreciated branch of natural history, presents many views of peculiar interest to man. To say nothing of the silk worm, an insect so important to luxury, and such a source of wealth to many countries; of the various species of lytta, so valuable as vesicatories to medicine; of the cochineal and lac insects, (*coccus cacti et lacca*) so prized for their costly and brilliant dyes; of the bee, so interesting from its industry and wonderful economy, as well as from its productions. Insects, from their numbers, their diversity of habits and of food, their size, are almost perpetual objects of amusement or annoyance, of profit or of injury. Their annoyance, and their injuries, we feel more sensibly than their benefits: perhaps they are more real; they are certainly more obvious. For, although we are fortunately exempt from the desolating march of the locust, we suffer from the ravages of other insects. The injury which the cotton has sustained from the larva of a moth, is well known; the tobacco requires much care to protect it from the larva of a sphinx; and every species of grain is liable to attacks from insects at some period of its growth. In our gardens they are more destructive than in our fields, and in our orchards still more pernicious than in our gardens; and perhaps I may, with accuracy,



assert, that if we could prevent the depredations of one insect, the curculio, which in its larva state, preys upon our drupaceous fruit, the peach, the nectarine, the plum, the cherry, in all of their varieties, we need envy no country its orchards, but might exhibit on our tables, at little or no cost, as great a variety, and as finely flavoured fruit as any climate with which we are acquainted can produce. It is only by a thorough acquaintance with the natural history of insects, that we can hope effectually to lessen their numbers, or to restrain their ravages; and although we should not be able, altogether to prevent their injuries, for they sometimes seem to walk abroad as one of the scourges of Providence; yet it is only from enlightened efforts that we have a right to expect an alleviation. Industry, with knowledge, will diminish many of the evils which ignorance and indolence must certainly aggravate.

From the vegetable kingdom, it is probable, that every species of organized animated being, either immediately or mediately derive their subsistence. In the terrestrial animals this fact is obvious, for the carnivorous ultimately depend on the graminivorous or granivorous for food. And among the inhabitants of the ocean, the same analogy probably prevails, and the minute insects, which, in the first degree support the superior tribes, draw their nourishment from the aquatic plants which border every river, or the marine algæ which so abundantly inhabit many parts of the ocean. From the vegetable kingdom are derived nearly all of those articles, which are employed to palliate or cure the diseases, and to alleviate the sufferings to which the human frame is liable. What volumes have been written on the dietetic and medicinal virtues of plants; and although much that has been written might without injury be consigned to oblivion, much remains to be written before a correct or complete knowledge of their qualities can be obtained. Improvement in this has kept pace with improvement in other departments of science, since experiment, and an inquiry into facts, have superseded idle speculations, and fantastic theories. From the vegetable kingdom we derive much of our clothing, many of our dyes, and many of the materials of our manufactures. Can a knowledge of substances, so intimately connected with our wants and infirmities be uninteresting and useless? Can a knowledge of substances occupying so large a space in the works of creation be unworthy our attainment? It is not a mere terminology that we should pursue in this science. The structure, habits, and affinities of plants should be objects of our research. Agriculture and gardening are but branches of philosophic botany, and all rational expectation of improvement in these most important departments must be founded on a substantial and accurate knowledge of the principles of vegetation, of the physiology of plants, and of the causes which, in different climates, or in different soils, promote or retard their growth, and their productiveness.

Systematic botany gives order to our knowledge, enables us to ascertain and arrange the different species of plants, which actu-

ally exist on the earth, to know with certainty those, which in different, or distant countries, have been found useful to man, and brings to view, although as yet imperfectly, the great natural associations which exist in the vegetable kingdom.

To the most common observer, the affinities in certain families of plants must be obvious. The gramineæ, the cyperaceæ, the cruciataæ, the labiataæ, the leguminosæ, the umbelliferæ, the different divisions of the Linnæan Syngenesiæ, the apocyneæ, the orchideæ, and many others, have resemblances so striking, that they have always attracted the attention of the most superficial investigators of nature. In many plants, however, these affinities, or connecting links, become remote or uncertain. Some of the ablest botanists in the world, are now endeavouring to complete the knowledge, and establish the system of natural orders. Should they succeed in this great enterprize, should they be able to distribute, by characters, which however slight, shall be certain, however obscure, shall be permanent, all the vegetable kingdom into families, having one common structure, one common habit, and which, even when scattered over distant climes, shall possess common qualities, adapted to similar uses: science, will then, have rendered to man one of the most important services, which perhaps, science can bestow. Yet, it is much to be apprehended, from the difficulty which has attended this inquiry, from the exceptions which seem to arise, even among species of the same genus, that this result is unattainable; that nature never permits us to generalize, but at the expense of truth. That all real knowledge is a knowledge of individuals, acquired by patient research, and repeated experiment, although in these researches, we may undoubtedly be aided, by the knowledge of kindred species, which we may already have obtained.

In an accurate and extended view, the science of natural history includes almost every object of human pursuit; but in its general acceptation it is confined to the three great divisions of zoology, botany, and mineralogy. Besides the extensive relations which this science bears to man, besides its multiplied uses, permit me to recommend it to the attention of men of wealth and leisure, if only on the more humble ground of occupation and amusement. While it gives employment to the understanding, and habits of accurate and attentive observation, it does not require the deep and long abstractions of mathematical inquiries, nor the laborious exertions, or manual dexterity, of chemical experiments. It is every where present. It meets you in air, on the earth, and on the water: It can be brought into the closet, or surround you at the fire side. In the examination of natural substances, you meet with every beauty that arises from colour, every delight that springs from fragrance, every grace that depends on form, mingled with that pleasure, which is derived from the contemplation of endless, inexhaustible variety. If to the eye of taste, the lawn, the grove, the stream, the mountain, the ocean, the inanimate bosom of nature,



afford unsated pleasure, what must be the increase, when science gives to every object that surrounds you, intelligence and life.—When the very earth, on which you tread becomes animate, when every rock, every plant, every insect presents to your view an organization so wonderful, so varied, so complex; an adaptation of means to ends, so simple, so diversified, so extensive, so perfect, that the wisdom of man shrinks abashed at the comparison. Nor is it to present existences that our observations are confined. The mind will sometimes delight to retrace the march of ages, to review the great formations of the universe: to examine of earth the revolutions, the convulsions, that have formed and deranged its structure—of its inhabitants, the creation, the dissolution, the continual reproduction. To admire that harmony, which, while it has taught each being instinctively to pursue the primary objects of its creation, has rendered them all subservient to secondary purposes.

We find every where life, intelligence and order. We feel ourselves surrounded by monuments of immeasurable power, of incomprehensible wisdom, of illimitable goodness. We survey and examine them, until knowledge is lost in astonishment, until wonder yields to adoration. We exclaim with the psalmist “Great and wonderful are thy works Lord God Almighty, in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

To facilitate the study of natural history, we should endeavour to form a museum, where we may collect specimens of all the objects which nature exhibits to our view. It should be particularly our aim, to elucidate the natural history of our own country, and to obtain specimens of our native productions. If the funds of our infant society are too limited for such an establishment on an extended scale, we may at least lay the foundations, and leave the superstructure to our successors. In many departments of natural history, as mineralogy, botany, conchology, entomology, the specimens, until our collections become considerable, would not occupy much room, and can be preserved with a little attention. The animals of larger size and of more difficult preservation, may be added, as means and opportunity permit. How interesting would it be, to behold in one assemblage the rich treasures of nature. To view the quadrupeds, the birds, the fish, the insects, the shells, the vegetables, the minerals, of the most remote shores, the wildest deserts, the most inhospitable climes; the productions of every land and every sea congregated together; arranged according to natural associations, or artificial characters; or grouped by geographical relations. Than such a collection, we can imagine nothing more delightful to the eye, nothing more gratifying to the understanding. With these objects may be connected the works of man; works calculated to illustrate the manners, customs, arts, the wants and improvements of different ages, or to explain the geography, chronology, history or mythology of ancient and modern days. Coins, medals, cameos, intaglios, sculp-

ture, statuary, painting, arms, manufactures, will all increase the value of such a collection; and a library adapted to our pursuits, and selected and designed to pour the lights of science over the fabric of nature, would complete the establishment.

The study of natural history has been, for many years, the occupation of my leisure moments; it is a merited tribute to say that it has lightened for me many a heavy, and smoothed many a rugged hour; that beguiled by its charms, I have found no road rough or difficult, no journey tedious, no country desolate or barren. In solitude never solitary, in a desert never without employment. I have found it a relief from the languour of idleness, the pressure of business, or the unavoidable calamities of life.

#### IV. ANATOMY, SURGERY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND MEDICINE.

Of these sciences, man has always appeared duly to estimate the value. The tortures of pain, the apprehensions of death, have led him, in all stages of society, to fly to art for relief, to yield himself submissively to real or pretended skill, and in ages of ignorance, to worship, almost with divine honours, the masters and principles of the "healing art." Guided by the star of science, anatomy and surgery have progressed with rapid step, and have fully partaken of the splendour of modern improvement. Whatever the most enlightened eye could scrutinize and detect, whatever the most dexterous arm could execute, may be found in their annals, monuments of their skill and matchless excellence. But the progress of medicine has been more questionable. There appear to be limits which we are not permitted to pass, secrets we are not allowed to explore. The principle of life is still unknown, and that mysterious power, varying with every temperament, modified by every peculiar organization, seems to give to disease, in each individual constitution, a distinct form. Hence it has been difficult to give to medicine system; to form theories, illustrating the causes, symptoms and termination of each disease; when disease itself, affected not only by physical, but by moral associations, exhibits as many anomalous aspects, as human character, or human feelings. Hence, perhaps, in no pursuit, has successful practice depended more on personal sagacity, on the faculty of considering disease, not in the abstract, but as combined in every case with individual constitution, temper, and habits. Theory after theory, has been swept away. The dogmatics, the empirics, the eclectics are forgotten; the principles of mechanics and of chemistry, the doctrines of vibration, of irritability, of excitability, have all been insufficient to explain the phenomena of disease:—and medicine still offers a wreath of unfading verdure to him, who shall be able to trace the hidden springs of life, to mark their development, their expansion, their decay; who shall explore the latent sources of disease, shall arrange its associations, shall explain its modifications, shall counteract its efforts, and arrest its progress. We mean not, with lord Bacon to say, that the labours



bestowed on medicine, have been all in circle rather than in progression. In physiology, in the *materia medica*, in the treatment of many diseases, there has doubtless been great improvement; but the foundations of the science are still unstable. The systems that have reduced medicine to one single principle, or practice, to one dominant doctrine, have proved but splendid quackeries. Of the diseases, which two thousand years ago, proved the scourges of our race, how few have been subdued; and of the countless generations of man, how few are there, even excluding those that perish by violence or accident, who die from the natural decay of the organs of life, who, having performed all their functions and fulfilled all their duties, fall like autumnal leaves in the fulness of days and of maturity.

#### V. AGRICULTURE, AND RURAL ECONOMY.

To the connexion between agriculture, and the physiology and philosophy of plants, I have already alluded. The fundamental principles of this art are every where the same; but we find in the practical details, a thousand variations. A difference of climate, of temperature, of exposure; a predominance of heat, of cold, of moisture, of dryness, all tend to produce new modes of culture, to require new objects of cultivation. In all countries the leading features of agriculture, the preparation of the soil, the application of manures, the rotation of crops are similar; but in practice we find every plant possessing a peculiar habit, and requiring an appropriate culture. In a new country, like ours, where in the climate, the soil, the articles of cultivation, and more especially in the cultivators themselves, we differ widely from those nations, from whom we have been accustomed to derive our information, it is peculiarly important to record our own practice and experience. Nor is it successful experiment only, that we ought to relate. It is often as useful to perpetuate our failures, as our successes; to buoy the shoals and reefs of an extended coast, as to mark the channels. From the want of a written record, much of the knowledge of our fathers has already been forgotten: and there are many points, belonging not only to the main, but to the collateral branches of this subject, on which we want information. The embankment and recovery of our extensive marshes; the draining of our deep swamps; the conversion of our sandy pine barrens into pasturage, if not into tillage; the improvement of our present modes of culture; the introduction of new objects of cultivation; the rotation of crops most suitable to our agriculture; the melioration of our stock; the permanent enclosure of our lands, the foundation of all good farming; the formation of meadows; and the general improvement of our rural economy, are all objects of important inquiry. The tardiness with which, in an enlightened age, new modes or articles of cultivation are introduced into different countries, appears to a reflecting mind, a subject of real astonishment. This

state was settled a hundred and thirty years before the cotton plant was cultivated as a crop. We are now wondering at the success of the sugar cane. We raise no silk, yet some recent experiments have left, on my mind, no doubt of the perfect adaptation of our climate to the silk worm. Many of the cerealia and leguminous plants of Asia, Africa, and the south of Europe, have never yet been cultivated on our plantations: many varieties of fruit, even of those raised in Europe, are unknown in our gardens. How important would it be to a young country, to have, even at the expense of government, a real experimental farm, where the leading object should be, not so much to improve the actual cultivation of the plants, now forming the common crops of the country. This may, perhaps, be safely left to individual exertion; as to ascertain and introduce every plant useful for food, for medicine, or in the arts, which could be raised in our country in the open air; and to endeavour to naturalize those, which at first appear too delicate to support the variations of our climate.

#### VI. COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND INTERNAL NAVIGATION.

On the importance of these subjects, it is unnecessary to dilate. Of commerce, this bond which connects all nations, this animating principle which vivifies every region that it touches, which gives plenty to the barren rock, and abundance to the sandy desert, I shall only remark, that although its practice and arrangements are always most advantageously left to the enterprize of the merchant; yet, while from the researches, and discoveries of science, from the skill of the artist, and from the labours of the agriculturist, commerce derives its materials and powers of action; there are many things in its principles, many in its details, much of its information, and much of its exertion that merit a record.

Manufactures require much attention; and from the state of society in our country, much judgment to select and promote those peculiarly adapted to our situation. The power and wealth of a great empire may change, or even reverse the natural order of manufactures; may nurse them in hot beds, may furnish them with artificial warmth, may rear them to premature perfection, may supply the calls of luxury, or administer to the splendid wants of magnificence, before the necessary arts of social life have gained an establishment. But with us they must rise by their own strength, by their adaptation to our wants and our resources; to our materials, and to our labour. It is wise in every nation to diversify the pursuits of its citizens, to multiply the links that connect them to each other, to render them as independent, as possible, of foreign nations, to enable them to supply their mutual wants by mutual exchanges. Deplorable would be the situation of that country, where the citizens pursuing but a few great objects of culture or of art, and depending for the supply of every other want on foreign resources; depending for the exchange of their own industry on foreign commerce; should find these channels intercepted.



by war, or internal regulations; they would then have to purchase, at exorbitant prices, every article of common necessity, and have nothing to offer in exchange, but those productions, of which every neighbour has already a superfluity.

The improvement of our internal navigation is one of those great objects in which every citizen must feel some interest, and from which every individual would derive some personal advantage.—By facilitating the intercourse between the distant portions of our country, by lessening the expense and risk of transportation, the articles of consumption, whether of necessity, of convenience, or of luxury, which they severally furnish, will be more easily attainable: and many productions which now, from the want of a market, command no price, and obtain no attention, would then become sources of profit to individuals, and of benefit to the country.—The principles on which these improvements ought to be conducted, afford at all times a subject of important inquiry. The first efforts in the progress of society, are, of course, directed to clear away the obstructions which naturally, or artificially, occur in the streams which can be rendered navigable. The exertions of improved and opulent communities are employed, to intersect a country, in every possible direction, by navigable canals; overcoming, by science and labour, the obstacles of nature. In these enterprizes, some of the highest and most surprising efforts of human power and ingenuity have been displayed. To accomplish these objects, man raises the valley, levels the hill, diverts the stream, perforates the mountain; he leads the river in unaccustomed channels, and the bird of the air views the white sail of commerce usurping her accustomed haunts.

Few countries are capable of such extensive improvements in internal navigation as our own. Forming, from the mountains to the ocean, an almost regularly inclined plain, it is in the power of art to divert our streams from their very sources, to pour them into canals, to distribute and direct them at pleasure, and to supply them with water, not only sufficient for their own consumption, but to form innumerable mill seats, where power can be regulated by system, free from the evils, either of want or superfluity. When compared with rivers, at least above the progress of the tides, canals, from their security from accident, from the directness of their course, from their exemption from the influence of currents or of winds, and from the certainty with which voyages on them can be made, have great advantages. Hence, they have always been favourite enterprises in all countries, where the wealth and population have permitted their establishment.

#### VII. HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

HISTORY and geography now form so important and necessary a part of liberal education, that they want no illustration, and require no eulogium. While history teaches, by experience, the most unerring, though perhaps the least regarded, of all precep-

tors, the highest and most important truths; while she delineates by actions, not by professions or opinions, the unvarying tenor and principles of human conduct; while she raises a consoling or a warning voice, and reflects, from the past, a gay or a gloomy light, over the prospects of the future; chronology and geography give to her lessons lucid order and comprehensive instruction. While complete systems of these, or of their kindred branches of topography and antiquities, come not within the limits of our association, there are many scattered fragments, many detached facts, many local illustrations, that distinctly meet our views. Many of the facts attending the early settlement of our country, are daily perishing. Much of the knowledge we now possess, and are forgetting, will be interesting to posterity. Of the location and ancient traditions of the aborigines of this country, we have no accurate memorials. Of their original arts and manufactures, we have few or no specimens. In the topography of our country we are miserably deficient, in our geography very incorrect. We have no maps of our country on which we can place any reliance; no surveys, except of our sea coast, which have any pretensions to accuracy. The illustrations, or researches of men of science, on any of these subjects, we shall cheerfully record.

VIII. BELLES LETTRES, LANGUAGES ANCIENT AND MODERN,  
AND EDUCATION PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

WHILE the severer sciences promote the improvement and power of society, poetry, oratory, and polite literature, improve and adorn the individual. They form the charm and embellishment of social intercourse, they refine, correct, and polish the understanding; they add gayety or energy to thought, brilliancy and life to language; they give to their possessors that influence in society, which vanity and ambition covet; and in moments of national danger, or national enthusiasm, they sometimes exercise over the moral world, an awful and unbounded power. They form, at once, the fulcrum and lever of Archimedes. But these are personal talents, and in a great degree unconnected with the state of society, whose progress they neither accelerate nor retard; for they occasionally flash through the gloomy slumber of the intellectual world, and while they leave behind no permanent reflection, dazzle the more from the contrast of surrounding night. In free governments, they will always be studied; eloquence in particular, the great instrument of power, with emulation and zeal. But their principles, their nature, and their objects, deserve a careful and enlightened investigation.

Language, the peculiar faculty of man, the organ by which he acquires, and by which he communicates all his knowledge, merits distinguished attention. It should be cultivated with assiduous care, it should be refined and improved with unremitted labour. As all modern languages are composed of the wrecks and fragments of other languages, assimilated and aggregated in ages of



ignorance, they partake of the rudeness and imperfection of their native materials; and cannot be fashioned to that standard of excellence, which even our imperfect knowledge could model: yet, to this point, our labours should tend. We should endeavour to render language, simple in its principles, varied in its combinations, definite in its meaning, harmonious in its arrangement, energetic in its structure. It should afford to every expression a distinct idea; to every idea an appropriate expression.

Languages are said to be keys of knowledge. An extensive acquaintance with them renders common what is local, gives to the present the improvements of the past, unfolds in short, the wisdom and instruction of all ages and nations. Let us obtain them; but let us not, however, suppose that languages themselves, are the great objects of our pursuit. They are means, not ends; they are the casket, not the jewel; they are the instruments of the workman, not the work itself: yet they merit a place in all systems of education, from their intrinsic usefulness; from the facility with which they can be acquired, at an age in which the memory is more active than the judgment; and from the probability that, in their acquisition, young persons will be obliged to study critically and profoundly the best models of composition which we possess; the finest memorials which genius and taste have left of their existence. They deserve also to be studied, because the principles of most languages are so nearly similar, that the knowledge of one aids the acquisition of others; because it is probable that no modern tongue can be philosophically investigated or thoroughly understood, without the lights which other languages will reflect upon it; and because the acquisition of languages, an acquisition which may be obtained at an age when the understanding is incapable of high exertions, affords so many gratifications in future life, that no one who possesses the advantage appears ever to regret the time or labour which was bestowed on its attainment.

In a republic, education should become a national concern. In no other form of government is it so important that instruction should be universally diffused, that it should enlighten the deceptive mists and overwhelming shadows of ignorance, that it should correct the false views and oblique paths of prejudice, that it should remove the errors of superstition, and, above all, that it should teach the inseparable connexion of liberty and virtue. Education should be early, that its impressions may be permanent; it should be profound, that its impressions may be true; it should embrace the improvements of each passing hour, that we may keep pace with our rivals in peace and war; it should be national, that our first feelings and sensations may be the love of our country.

A complete system of national education is one of the great desiderata of our age.

## IX. FINE ARTS.

THE fine arts, painting, engraving, sculpture, architecture, music, multiply the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and give to society some of its choicest embellishments: but it is not for amusement, solely, that they should be cultivated. They are capable of nobler exertions; they should be directed to better purposes. Painting and sculpture address themselves directly and powerfully to the senses; they can appeal to the strongest impulses of the heart. Speaking a universal language, alike intelligible to ignorance and wisdom, their influence is extensive, and their effects important. They should be taught to exhibit examples of virtue—of fortitude—of justice. They should rise above the sordid or criminal pursuits of man. They should assume the tone of a master, not proffer the adulation of a slave. Their abuses should be most cautiously restrained; for, when they become the panders of vice or voluptuousness, they realise the fictions of the Upas, and diffuse, wherever they extend, a pestilential poison.

Most of the fine arts advance regularly with the progress of civilization; others, like painting, frequently possess more energy and sublimity in the infancy of society; at that period when the feelings are but little softened or controlled by the refinements of social life, in the age of impassioned poetry, and amidst the daily exhibitions of sublime virtue and atrocious guilt. As, however, these arts are in general, not only the companions of highly refined society, but require the fostering aid of wealth to bring them to maturity, we can scarcely hope, in our day and country, to see specimens of their high powers: yet of these, as of every other art or science, the fundamental principles may be studied, and should be understood. If we cannot enrich the painter or engraver, or give to the architect an enlarged theatre for his talents, we should endeavour to apply the principles of art to all objects to which they are applicable. To give to our feelings, to our taste, to our judgment, correctness.

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SUCH, gentlemen, are the objects embraced by our association, such the field presented for our researches. In this wide range of literature and science, there is no human civilized being, whatever may be his condition, his profession, his avocations, his pursuits, who has not some interest. Science would give new skill and value to the labours of the mechanic, new resources to the enterprise of the man of business, new dignity to the leisure of the man of wealth, new enjoyments to the man of pleasure, new powers to the man of exertion: and yet how many are there, who turning from some of the paths of science, with aversion and horror, as too difficult, too laborious to be trodden, and considering others as too insignificant, or too obscure, to be worth exploring; who finding every useful acquirement above or beneath their capa-



cities, pass their lives in ignorance or vice, hiding most carefully the talent which has been committed to their trust; neglecting the duties they owe to society, and to their country; and debasing those faculties, by which alone they are honourably distinguished in the works of creation. In created nature, man alone deserts his high station, man alone betrays his dignity and rank. In the tribes of irrational animals, each individual fills his allotted space, distinguished perhaps from his fellows by trifling grades of swiftness or of strength; but between that height to which man may soar, and that valley of moral and intellectual degradation to which he may descend, immeasurable is the space.

Yet great as may be the influence of science on personal character, its effects on society are still more powerful and determinate. It was the observation of one of the wisest men of modern ages, it was an aphorism of lord Bacon, that knowledge is power. No axiom is more generally true in its individual, none more certainly true in its national application. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. How wonderful the difference between the poor, naked, wandering savage, trembling before the elements, which in terror he adores, depending on his solitary, unaided exertions, for food, for arms, for raiment, for shelter; and the civilized man, who, strong in the science and resources of society, rides over the ocean, even on the wings of the tempest; disarms the lightning of its power; ascends the airy canopy of heaven; penetrates into the profound caverns of the earth; arms himself with the power of the elements; makes fire, and air, and earth, and water, his ministering servants; and standing, as it were, on the confines of nature, seems, as by a magic talisman, to give energy and life to the brute elements of matter.

It is not from the simple products of the earth, or from the crude materials with which a country may abound, that her power and resources must arise. The most productive regions have frequently been the most weak and dependant. The blessings of nature may be blighted by the ignorance or folly of man. A nation must seek for wealth and power, by encouraging that active and profound knowledge, which ascertaining the principles, the proportions, the combinations, the affinities of the mineral; the habits, the productions, the qualities, the uses of the vegetable; and the manners, the instincts, the properties, whether noxious or useful, of the animal kingdoms, can give to every substance, which it possesses, or can obtain, every appropriate use; can procure for them their ultimate value; can convert them, at will, into instruments of pleasure; of riches, of grandeur, or of power.

No people have ever yet attained this high point of national improvement, none, perhaps, will ever attain it; but exactly in proportion to the progress of its improvements, compared to its extent and local situation, will be the relative station, which each country will occupy in the scale of nations. How important then does it become to give to the pursuits of science every encou-

agement which they require and can receive. That we endeavour to stimulate the rising generation, by example, by commendation, by the prospect of literary reputation, to labours and inquiries, which may add still more to national than to individual benefit. He who makes an important discovery in art or science, frequently adds to the wealth and reputation of his country. He who elevates its literary character becomes its benefactor.

It is not easy to determine how far each science contributes to the general mass, or to estimate its relative value. Forming one **RADIANT CIRCLE** they mutually *support*, they mutually enlighten each other. The proud **FABRIC** of **MODERN SCIENCE** is composed of materials extracted from every quarry, and has been constructed by the labours of hundreds and of thousands co-operating in one common design. Every ascertained fact, every new discovery in any department, adds to the general mass of knowledge, and enlarges the circle of human observation and improvement. No inquiry should be abandoned as abstruse and uninteresting, none rejected as obscure or insignificant. No tribute should be withheld as too humble or unimportant. The mighty streams that gladden the earth, and diffuse wealth and enjoyment along their extended borders, are formed by the union of small and unnoticed springs. It is not the magnitude of the fountain head, but the number of tributary streams that determine their size and their importance. Some branches of knowledge, from the sublimity of their views, from the certainty of their results, or from their extensive application to all the occupations of life, may have the higher claims to our notice; but those which only serve to polish or to decorate, merit also attention. We should no more wish to deface the Corinthian capital of science, than to sap its deep foundations.

To you, gentlemen, who have formed this association, it will be superfluous to extend these reflections. You have borne your testimony to the importance of its views; it will remain with you, by exertion, to give reality to expectation. We are component parts of a nation rising into importance and power. We find ourselves surrounded by rivals, jealous of their rights, powerful in their resources, strong in arms, yet perhaps depending less on the simple operation of physical force, than on the combined influence of commerce, arts, and science. To contend with these nations successfully, we must be, in all things, their equals. We must give knowledge to enthusiasm, means to enterprize, and skill to courage. We find our naval and military reputation rising with the dangers and difficulties that surround us; the energy of freedom will ultimately surmount the errors of negligence or folly! but our literary character is still unknown, or unacknowledged. Amidst the convulsions of the civilized world, we have beheld nations contending as strenuously in letters, as in arms; extending to their citizens the Laurel and the Bay with equal



enthusiasm. Shall we feel no impulse of national emulation? Shall we not profit by their great examples? Shall we witness, in the splendid career of science, their successes, and their triumphs, and make no effort to give to our country, on the page of literary history, a "habitation and a name." In the distribution of talents to nations and to individuals, nature has been liberal and just. If she elevates but few to pre-eminent greatness, she condemns but few to inevitable obscurity; to most she gives the power and the opportunity of being useful: but while she gives us talents, she leaves their employment to our own discretion.

Let me hope, gentlemen, that this society, small and humble as may have been its origin, may yet render some service to our country; that it may awaken a spirit of philosophic inquiry, that it may recal some of our youths from idle and unworthy pursuits, to the labours and pleasures of literature, that it may give to science some popularity. The small seed scattered in the wilderness may become a tree, under whose branches the birds of the air shall find food and shelter. The nameless rivulet may emerge to splendor and to usefulness: but to obtain our objects, or justify our views, it will be necessary that we advance in our career with a zeal that shall not be extinguished by occasional failures, and a perseverance unconquered by temporary disappointments.

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GENERAL VIEW OF SPANISH AMERICA.

[*From an Exposition of the Commerce of Spanish America, with some observations on its importance to the United States. By Don Manuel Torres, Deputy from the States of New Grenada.*]

SPANISH AMERICA, enjoying a diversity of climate, and various degrees of temperature, from the most intense heat to ice; comprehending a surface of 5,500 miles in length, and 3,000 miles in breadth, between 38 degrees north, and 54 south, affords all the different productions of other continents, including those of Asia; as tea, spices, gums, pearls, and precious stones; and yields, in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, many productions which are peculiar to this continent.

When we consider, on the one side, the efforts of its inhabitants to shake off the yoke of the Spanish government; the extraordinary progress of their revolution; and, on the other, the great interest which all nations have to partake directly of the rich commerce of that part of the new world, we cannot doubt of the complete emancipation of that extensive and fruitful country, nor of the establishment of a new, powerful, and independent empire, probably under the form of a representative and central government; which, uniting and disposing of its great resources, according to circumstances, may by a wise policy, prevent or stifle in-

testine divisions, and effectually maintain its independence: a government, at the same time, suitable, and prudently calculated for the degree of knowledge, habits, and manners of its inhabitants, will procure happiness to nineteen millions of people already civilized, and prepare the same advantage for a vast number of aborigines, who are yet in their primitive state of independence.

Such an event cannot fail to influence the commerce, policy, and even the power of other nations, to an extent, at this time, not easy to calculate: but to the United States of North America, the particular circumstances, contiguity, and resources of the southern section of this continent, must be, above all, interesting.

It becomes, then, highly important for the merchant, as well as the statesman, to be minutely acquainted with the different governments, and departments of commercial administration, into which Spanish America is divided; their natural and artificial productions; those which are annually exported to foreign countries, and their value; the ports in which trade is carried on; the four different classes or denominations into which these ports are divided; the particular laws and regulations of their custom-houses; the amount of duties paid on the importation of goods, and the method of calculating them; their different kinds of coins, weights, and measures; the proportion which they bear to each other, and their exact relations with those of the United States; and, lastly, the mode of trading there to the greatest advantage.

The work now offered to the public, contains the most complete and correct information upon these important points. It is founded, partly on the most authentic and faithful documents; partly on the observation of the author himself, made during a long residence in that country, in several situations the best calculated to acquire information; and moreover, it is the result of long and assiduous labour, and of some experience in public and private business.

The Spanish-American continent is divided into four viceroyalties, namely: New Spain, New Granada, Peru, and Rio de la Plata; and into four captain-generalships, viz. Yucatan, Guatemala, Venezuela, and Chile. The eastern and western Floridas are dependent on the captain-generalship of the island of Cuba.

Its islands in the Atlantic are, Cuba, the Spanish part of St. Domingo, Porto Rico, Margarita, and St. Andrews: in the Pacific Ocean, Chiloe and the island of Juan Fernandez, which are dependencies of the kingdom of Chile. The annual exportation of the product of its mines, agriculture, and industry, that of the islands included, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars; three-fifths of which consist of five and a half millions of *marks of silver*, and of one hundred and fourteen thousand *marks of gold*.

Providence, with a bountiful hand, has bestowed its choicest gifts on that happy land. Intersected in all directions by the lof-



tiest mountains, and watered by the finest rivers of the universe, the fertility of its soil is beyond comparison.

From this singularity, and its situation between Asia, Europe, and the United States, as well as from the number of its excellent harbours, opening on the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, that country seems to have been destined by the Author of Nature, to become the common centre of the commerce of the whole world.

Its provinces, situated between the torrid and temperate zones, and blessed with a variety of climates and temperatures, vegetation is there perpetual. The vine, and the different species of grain, yield two, three, and some four crops a-year: they sow and reap in the same field; and orchards offer the fine contrast of flowers and fruits in all their different states of growth and perfection. In these fortunate regions nature is never idle.

That country produces trees of an enormous size, of great durability, and excellent for the construction of ships; some of them being incorruptible under water: others afford timber so exquisitely fine as to rival in beauty, brilliancy, hardness, and variety of colours, the handsomest marbles; and some which, possessing different medicinal virtues, may be equally used for dyeing, as for works in the useful arts. It produces also delicious balms, gums, resins, bitumens, and a vast number of prolific vines, useful in the arts: lastly, all the productions of the Antilles are cultivated in its provinces, and at a third less expense and trouble, and with the only difference of being there of a superior quality.

We find in it also different species of vegetable wool, which may be employed as materials in many branches of manufactures: innumerable aromatic and medicinal plants; some juicy and nourishing, others aquatic, containing salts and alkalis, useful in the arts, medicine, &c. &c.; grasses of species unknown to Europe, and a variety of roots, and of delicious and wholesome fruits.

Spanish America is rich in valuable mines of gold, silver, platina, quicksilver, copper, iron, lead, zinc, and antimony; and it possesses also, on the banks of its navigable rivers, abundant stores of bitumen, coal, and other fossil substances.

It is not less distinguished in the animal kingdom, either by the vast numbers of its quadrupeds, of which some are useful for agriculture and transportation, affording, at the same time, delicate flesh and valuable hides, and others for wool and furs exquisitely fine; or by the number of its birds, and the elegance and variety of their plumage. Its lakes and coasts swarm with amphibious animals, which add to the number of fine furs, and contribute, together with the whales and other sea monsters, to augment the variety of a productive branch of commerce.

In those happy climates too, the Author of nature has been equally generous towards man's moral and physical organization. The American possesses intellectual capacity, and is capable of planning and executing great undertakings. He is an observer

of nature, and an ingenious imitator. Mr. Jefferson has justly remarked, that "naturally eloquent, sublime ideas, precision, and accurate similitudes are familiar to him, even in his state of ignorance."

Hospitable, generous, humane, mild, patient, fond of peace, possessing, in short, every natural aptitude to virtue, according to the venerable Palafox, bishop of Puebla, he is calculated for civil life, for the arts and sciences, and may become very useful to society in general, by serving the cause of mankind. He wants but a good education; and, if it be true that the government gives character to the man, what hopes are we not to entertain of so fine and amiable a being! Under a government of his own choice, the South American will imitate his brother of the north: like him, he will love his country as he loves his family, opinion he will prefer to wealth, the public welfare will be his own, and justice, labour, and order will become as dear to the one as it is already to the other.

The different products and articles of exportation, the departments where they are raised and gathered, the ports where they are shipped, their value exceeding sixty-three millions in the mineral kingdom, thirty-four in the vegetable, and four in the animal: all this, together with an estimate of the civilized population of Spanish America, are exhibited in the statistical table marked No. 1.

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#### ON HERALDRY.

It is probable, that no science on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of heraldry. One instance, at least, can be brought, unmatched in any other.

The passage is taken from a scarce treatise in quarto, entitled, "The Blazon of Gentry," (a book recommended by Peacham, in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate,) and runs thus—

"Christ was a gentleman, as to his flesh, by the part of his mother, (as I have read,) and might, if he had esteemed of the vaine glorye of this worlde (whereof he often sayde his kingdom was not) have borne coat-armour. The apostles, also, (as my authour telleth me) were gentlemen of bloud, and many of them descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Machabeus; but through the tract of time, and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrayned to servile workes." P. 97.

In the same book we find the exact arms, properly blazoned, of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon.



## POETRY.

[*For the Analectic Magazine.*]

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S VISITING THE RUINS OF  
HIS LATE RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

### TO MEMORY.

MEMORY! welcome to my soul,  
At evening's calm and shadowy hour,  
Congenial to thy soft control  
Is her serene and tranquil pow'r.

Ah come! and on thy faithful chart  
Let me those long lost scenes renew,  
Which oft gave transport to my heart,  
Ere to their sweets I bade adieu!

Where Fancy turns her wand'ring eye,  
Direct thy steady finger there,  
Those varied traces to descry,  
That time or anguish might impair.

This spot was once a blissful scene,  
Where Love and Friendship fondly smiled,  
Where childhood's artless playful mien  
Has oft the lingering hours beguiled.

But these delights forever flown,  
No more to this lone spot belong,  
The whip-poor-will with plaintive moan,  
Now vibrates here her nightly song.

A tender willow, too, here thrives,  
Though rudely toss'd by ev'ry wind,  
Moisten'd by dews of heaven, it lives  
A lesson to instruct mankind.

'Tis our's to bend beneath the storm,  
And unrepining bear the rod,  
Which often falls in angry form,  
Indulgent from the hand of God.

Charleston, May, 1816.

E. J.

## ON THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

[*From Southey's Poet's Pilgrimage.*]

Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,  
 Slavery they love and chains with pride they wear;  
 Inflexible alike in good or ill,  
 The invet'rate stamp of servitude they bear.  
 Oh! fate perverse, to see all change withstood,  
 There only where all change must needs be good!

But them nor foe can force, nor friend persuade;  
 Impassive souls in iron forms enclosed,  
 As though of human mould they were not made,  
 But of some sterner elements composed,  
 Against offending nations to be sent,  
 The ruthless ministers of punishment.

Where are those Minas after that career  
 Wherewith all Europe rang from side to side?  
 In exile wandering! Where the Mountaineer.  
 Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?  
 Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,  
 Exposed so long for him in daily, hourly strife!

From her Athenian orator of old  
 Greece never listened to sublimer strain  
 Than that, with which, for truth and freedom bold,  
 Quintana moved the inmost soul of Spain.  
 What meed is his let Ferdinand declare—  
 Chains, and the silent dungeon, and despair!

For this hath England borne so brave a part!  
 Spent with endurance, or in battle slain,  
 Is it for this so many an English heart  
 Lies mingled with the insensate soil of Spain!  
 Is this the issue, this the happy birth  
 In those long throes and that strong agony brought forth!

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From *Mador of the Moor*, a poem, by James Hogg, author of the *Queen's Wake*, *Pilgrims of the Sun*, &c.

The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud;  
 The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn;  
 Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,  
 And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;  
 Sweeter than all, the beauties which adorn  
 The female form in youth and maiden bloom!  
 Oh why should passion ever man suborn  
 To work the sweetest flower of nature's doom,  
 And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheerless gloom!

Oh fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade!  
 One slip recovery or recal defies!



Thou walk'st the dizzy verge with steps unstead,  
 Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!  
 Like them, thou fallest never more to rise!  
 Oh fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!  
 Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,  
 Where thou may'st smile in purity again,  
 And shine in virgin bloom, that ever shall remain.

*Canto II.*

What art thou, Love? or who may thee define?  
 Where lies thy bourne of pleasure or of pain?  
 No sceptre, graven by Reason's hand, is thine,  
 Child of the moisten'd eye and burning brain,  
 Of glowing fancy, and the fervid vein,  
 That soft on bed of roses lov'st to rest,  
 And crop the flower where lurks the deadly bane!  
 Oh many a thorn those dear delights invest,  
 Child of the rosy cheek, and heaving snow-white breast!

Thou art the genial balm of virtuous youth,  
 And point'st where Honour waves her wreath on high;  
 Like the sweet breeze that wanders from the south,  
 Thou breath'st upon the soul, where embryos lie  
 Of new delights, the treasures of the sky!  
 Who knows thy trembling watch in bower of even,  
 Thy earliest grateful tear, and melting sigh?  
 Oh never was to yearning mortal given  
 So dear delights as thine, thou habitant of heaven!

Wo that thy regal sway, so framed to please,  
 Should ever from usurper meet control!  
 That ever shrivell'd wealth, or gray disease,  
 Should mar the grateful concord of the soul!  
 That bloated sediment of crazing bowl  
 Should crop thy blossoms which untasted die!  
 Or that the blistering phrase of babbler foul  
 Should e'er profane thy altars, framed to lie  
 Veil'd from all heaven and earth, save silent Fancy's eye!

Oh I will worship even before thy bust,  
 When my dimm'd eye no more thy smile can see!  
 While this deserted bosom beats, it must  
 Still beat in unison with hope and thee!  
 For I have wept o'er perish'd ecstacy,  
 And o'er the fall of beauty's early prime!  
 But I will dream of new delights to be,  
 When moon and stars have ceased their range sublime,  
 And angels rung the knell of all-consuming Time!

*Canto III.*

[*From Ackermann's Repository.*]

# OH FARE THEE WELL!

*This Poem is attributed to Lady Byron.*

Oh fare thee well! and must the sigh  
Embodying the words that sever,  
Meet those as heartfelt that reply  
Oh fare thee well! farewell *for ever!*

Then be it so, but still the heart  
That swore to love thee, swore so true,  
Shall never from its faith depart,  
No—nor *for ever* banish you.

For ever, Oh! concealed there lies  
Obdurate, in that word the source  
That leads to ill our destinies  
And plants within thy breast remorse.

For ever! No—shall sullen pride  
Thy bosom seal—excluding there  
Of feeling—the returning tide  
And cherish still thy throb—despair!

Oh! yield not, father of my child,  
Once tender, ever dearest still;  
Oh! yield not to those fancies wild,  
That agitate thy fevered will;

To that capricious restless train,  
Not born of Reason's healthful kind,  
That havoc in thy fertile train,  
And canker in thy nobler mind:

Yield not to these, Oh! by this kiss,  
Which on thy infant's lips I press,  
And by that one—as pure—of bliss  
That promised years of happiness:

Ah! how illusive they are fled!  
And since no solace of *my* care  
Can yield sweet slumbers to thy bed,  
Or sooth thine hours of anguish there—

Then fare *thee well*—in this adieu  
Think not *for ever* that we *part*,  
When all the husband *died* in you,  
He was sepulchred in *my heart*.



## DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

*The Antiquary.* By the author of "*Waverley*," and "*Guy Mannering*."—In three vols.—Edinburgh printed:—New York: reprinted by Van Winkle and Wiley.

There is nothing to damp one's joy over these volumes, except a declaration in the preface,—“that the author is not likely again to solicit the favour of the public.” The word ‘*likely*’ leaves the door of hope a little open; and it would be strange indeed, if a writer, who is distinguished in almost every other particular from the generality of modern authors, should now proceed to complete the exception, by laying aside his pen. If he perseveres in the resolution set forth in his manifesto, we shall only remark, that as ‘increase of appetite grows from what it feeds on,’ we shall be more inclined to censure him for discontinuing to write, than thank him for what he has already written.

The genius of the author has soared higher and crept lower in the *Antiquary* than in either of his preceding works:—he sometimes aspires almost to the sublimity of Homer, and occasionally descends even to the vulgarity of *Hudibras*. These opposite characteristics are very well exhibited in the *first* and *seventh* chapters,—two parts of the work, which, if perused in immediate succession, would hardly appear to be effusions of the same pen.

The story of the *Antiquary* is by no means a novelty; but it is not too intricate for the most superficial reader, and is developed to the last with the ease and skill of a master. The second volume is by far the heaviest: precision seems to have been sacrificed to the necessity of completing the requisite number of pages; and, it accordingly contains some details which are quite too episcodical for the chief story, and quite too voluminous for an episode.—If we were to consider Lovel as the hero of the piece, too—we should certainly censure his disappearance in the commencement of the second volume, and his absence thenceforward to the catastrophe:—but we are reminded in the title page, that Oldenbuck is the burden of the story; and indeed we seldom lose sight of the *Antiquary*; who travels on to the last, like an elephant, with the persons and fortunes of a whole village and its posterity on his back:—

“Attollens humero famam et fata nepotum.”

But it was not so much the object of these volumes (as the author himself tells us) to exhibit a regular and complete narrative, as to delineate the characteristics of the various personages whom he has chosen to represent;—and, excepting one or two poetical works whose names will immediately suggest themselves to our readers, we have seldom seen any book, in which the appropriate part of each individual is more happily selected or more uniformly sustained. The author, whoever he is, possesses more than any other

recent writer, the faculty of noticing the minutest outward indications of internal feeling, and of observing the most tardy as well as the most rapid motions of nature.—There is in the Antiquary one character which to us at least is entirely original: we allude to Edie Ocheltree, the mendicant. “To beg from the public at large, he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is so far a true philosopher as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; when weary he sleeps; and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which *we* make a fuss, that I suppose, he was never ill dined or ill lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels—their genealogist, their newsman, their master of the revels, their doctor, at a pinch, or their divine.—“I promise you (says the Antiquarian, vol. iii. p. 160—) he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling.” He was also an old soldier and had served in *America*:—but all this gives a meagre account of his omnigenous character, which can only be learned by a perusal of the whole work.—The author of it, we are informed, is a Mr. Greenfield, a Scotch clergyman.

*The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*: Southey's last poem, republished in New York, by W. B. Gillies.

We hardly know how to dispraise this poem; for Mr. Southey, is self-complacent enough to tell us, that he has been “from *good to better* persevering still;” and surely, if he has passed through the *positive* and *comparative* in his former productions, he will claim to have arrived at the *superlative* in this. As the *Pilgrimage*, however, is a mere travelling journal in versification, it will be impossible to compare it with the former poems of the same writer. *Poetry*, in the most exalted acceptance of the word, is hardly to be expected in a work of this sort; and if Mr. S. had not indulged himself in his favourite *petitesse* of narration, perhaps his work would stand among the first of the numberless poems which the same occasion has produced. If he had not said so much of himself, too, the work would have been less bulky and more readable. But it seems that Robert Southey, esq. “most of all men” had occasion to raise the “strain of triumph for the victory of Waterloo;” and when he got into the canal boat at Ostend, every thing along the way seemed to know that the poet-laureat of England was on board:

“Huge-timbered bridges o'er the passage lay  
Which wheeled aside and gave US easy way.”—p. 17.

Yet it must be confessed that Mr. S. occasionally produces a vigorous and lively stanza upon the scenes of which he was a spectator; as in the following description of the wharf whence the boat set off:



"Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit rides,  
With painted plumes and tent-like awning gay;  
Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all sides,  
And passengers and porters throng the way,  
Contending all at once in clamorous speech,  
French, Flemish, English, each confusing each."

*An Exposition of the Commerce of Spanish America; with some observations upon its importance to the United States. To which are added a correct analysis of the monies, weights, and measures of Spain, France, and the United States; and the new weights and measures of England; with tables of their reciprocal reductions; and of the exchange between the United States, England, France, Holland, Hamburg; and between England, Spain, France, and the several states of the union.*—By Manuel Torres.—Philadelphia—G. Palmer—1816. The numerous and accurate tables which this work contains render it very useful to those who carry on commerce with Spain or her colonies; and the correct views it presents of the state of South America, make it interesting to readers in general, especially to those who are anxious that the whole American continent should be independent and free.

*Researches on America; being an attempt to settle some points relative to the aborigines of America, &c.* By an officer of the U. S. army.—Baltimore: Coale & Maxwell—1816.

This writer thinks there is sufficient reason to believe that America was formerly connected to the old world by land, in the place of which the Atlantic and Pacific oceans now roll, and over which men and inferior animals passed. In support of this hypothesis he displays considerable ingenuity and learning.

John Mellish, of Philadelphia, has published Darby's map of Louisiana; accompanied by a geographical description of the state of Louisiana, presenting a view of its soil, climate and productions, with an account of the character and manners of its inhabitants.

H. Whipple, of Salem, has issued proposals for publishing an Universal Gazetteer and Dictionary of Geography, ancient and modern: by J. E. Worcester, A. M.—The prospectus states that "The Gazetteer now proposed will, so far as it respects the modern geography of the eastern continent, be founded upon the basis of that of Cruttwell, with additions and corrections. On the subject of ancient geography, the work of the celebrated D'Anville, will be made the principal basis. With respect to America, materials have been collected from a great variety of sources: and the work will be found far more complete, with regard to this continent, than any that has yet been published. It will comprise in two large volumes, and in one alphabetical series, more than four times as many articles of Geography, as are contained in the Gazetteers which have been published in America." The volumes are to contain from 800 to 900 pages each, large 8vo. price in boards, four dollars and fifty cents a volume.

We learn that Mr. Ogilvie, so well known by his oratorical exhibitions, is preparing for the press, a volume which will contain three essays; one on "the nature, extent, and limits of human knowledge"—one on "the importance of the study of mathematical science, as a branch of liberal education, and as connected with the attainment of oratorical excellence;" and the third on "moral fiction," in which the author endeavours to analyse the nature of moral fiction, as contradistinguished from history, biography, and moral disquisition; to ascertain the rank it is entitled to claim as a means of amusement and instruction; to draw the line between fictions which are salutary, and such as are noxious, and to expose the pernicious effects of that insatiable avidity for novel reading, which among a large class of readers has become epidemical.

Mador of the Moor, a new poem by the Ettricke shepherd has been republished by M. Thomas, of this city.—Those who were delighted with the wild, original, unearthly strains of the Pilgrims of the Sun will find a rich poetical treat in Mador of the Moor.

The British journals complain that a great trade is carried on in America in the reprint of English books; which our booksellers, they say, are enabled to do to the prejudice of the original authors and publishers, since they have neither so much to pay for paper nor for print, nor are they at any cost for copy-right.—The same complaint might be made with equal justice against many of the booksellers of France and Switzerland, and formerly against those of Ireland: but we trust the time is not very far distant when the literature of the United States will enable the publishers of Great Britain to take their revenge.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND FINE ARTS.

[*From late British Publications.*]

**THE ELGIN MARBLES.**—It is known that the select committee of the house of commons, appointed to inquire into the value of the Elgin collection of marbles, has reported that 35,000*l.* will be a sufficient price for them: we now proceed to give some interesting details from this report.

From the testimony of various persons, it appears that if lord Elgin had not brought those glorious works away from Greece, they would have been in time utterly lost, not only from the apathy of the Turks, but from their barbarous violence, and the waste committed by travellers and even admirers of the arts, who carried off fragments of these marbles on every possible occasion.

Lord Elgin's estimate of the charges he had incurred in making the collection, (including interest) amounts to 74,000*l.*—The valuation made by Mr. Hamilton, 60,800*l.*; the earl of Aberdeen's,



35,000.; and Mr. Payne Knight's, 25,000l.—The Townley collection, which was purchased for the British museum, cost, in 1805, 20,000l.—The marbles of Phygalia, in Arcadia, lately purchased for the same museum, were valued at 15,000l., which sum was increased to 19,000l. by the unfavourable rate of exchange.—Mr. Perceval had proposed 30,000l. for the present collection, which lord Elgin then refused. Since that, considerable additions had been made to the collection.—The low estimate made by Mr. Payne Knight appears to have been caused by that gentleman's imagining that an indifferent work of art, if in good preservation, was of more value than a first rate performance, if corroded or mutilated. Thus, for instance, he valued a perfect Sarcophagus, of very inferior workmanship, and of little value to art, at 500l., while the celebrated Horse's Head, considered by the best judges as the finest thing in the world, and of infinite service to art, he considers worth half that sum only!—This one fact supplies a tolerable illustration of the soundness of Mr. P. Knight's opinions on works of art. Indeed the committee seems to have thought very little of them.

The committee state, that "the great works with which Pericles adorned and strengthened Athens, were all carried on under the direction and superintendence of Phidias: but Plutarch distinctly asserts, that Callicrates and Ictinus executed the work of the Parthenon."—The report thus concludes:—"Your committee cannot conclude this interesting subject, without submitting to the attentive reflection of the house, how highly the cultivation of the fine arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every government by which they have been encouraged, and how intimately they are connected with the advancement of every thing valuable in science, literature, and philosophy. In contemplating the importance and splendour to which so small a republic as Athens rose, by the genius and energy of her citizens, exerted in the path of such studies, it is impossible to overlook how transient the memory and fame of extended empires and of mighty conquerors are, in comparison of those who have rendered considerable states eminent, and immortalized their own names by these pursuits. But if it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talent, to the maturing of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction, no country can be better adapted than our own to afford an honourable asylum to these monuments of the school of Phidias and of the administration of Pericles; where, secure from further injury and degradation, they may receive that admiration and homage to which they are entitled, and serve in return as models and examples to those, who by knowing how to revere and appreciate them, may learn first to imitate, and ultimately to rival them."

The appendix contains the minutes of evidence before the select committee, from which what follows is collected:—

*Joseph Nollekins, Esq. R. A.*—He thought the marbles the finest things that ever came to this country, and the Theseus and the Neptune were the best of them. The Theseus he deemed as fine sculpture as the Apollo Belvidere; equal to it in ideal beauty. The collection was superior to the Townley one, and to the Phygalian marbles.

*John Flaxman, Esq. R. A.*—He believed these works were executed by Phidias and those under him. The Basso-relievos were as perfect nature as it is possible, and of the most elegant kind.—Though he was sure that the Belvidere Apollo was only a copy, he was of opinion that for ideal beauty it surpassed the Theseus.—It was of great importance to the progress of art that the collection should become public. He valued them more than Mr. Townley's marbles: they were of greater value as not having been touched by modern hands. Canova thought the merit of the Theseus and Ilissus equal, but he deemed the Ilissus extremely inferior to the Neptune.

*Richard Westmacott, Esq. R. A.*—The River God and Theseus, in his judgment, were infinitely superior to the Apollo Belvidere: the back of the Theseus was the finest thing in the world, and the anatomical skill displayed in front of the Ilissus was not surpassed by any work of art. The River God and Theseus were unequalled: he would oppose them to any thing we know in art. The Theseus had all the essence of style with all the truth of nature: the Apollo was more an ideal figure. It was of the highest importance to the arts of England to obtain this collection. By looking at them, artists were much less likely to be mannered. They were superior to the Townley marbles, particularly for the purposes of art.

*Francis Chauntry, Esq.*—He deemed the Theseus and River God, as forming part of a group, in the highest style of art, though quite different from the single statue of the Apollo: the degree of finish in the Apollo would be mischievous in them. The collection was unquestionably of the first class, and it was of the greatest importance, in a national point of view, that it should become public property.

*Charles Rossi, Esq. R. A.*—He deemed the Elgin marbles the finest he had ever seen: in his judgment, the figures were superior to the Apollo Belvidere and the Laocoon. The Metopes he did not think so fine as the rest of the Bas-reliefs: the frieze of the procession was in the highest class of art; they were jewels. His friend Canova was satisfied that these marbles were as fine things as he had ever seen.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knt. R. A.*—He was of opinion that the Elgin marbles were in the very highest class of art, and that they would essentially benefit the arts of this country. He thought them of a higher style of sculpture than any of the other cele-



brated Statues: there was in them a union of fine composition and very grand form, with a more true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the human frame, than there was in the Apollo or in the other celebrated works. They were more valuable than the Townley or the Phygalian marbles. He considered the Theseus, as an imitation of nature, the most perfect piece of sculpture he had ever seen.

*Richard Payne Knight, Esq.*—He could not place these works higher than the second rank of art, the best of them. He had formed this opinion because there were no marks of the chisel on them, which were always visible on first-rate productions, though he admitted that these marks were not to be seen in the Apollo and Venus.—He thought that lord Elgin, in bringing these works away, was entitled to the gratitude of the country, because otherwise they would have been all broken by the Turks, or carried off by individuals. Messrs. Nollekins, Westmacott, and Flaxman, were all competent judges. He did not conceive that sculpture had advanced in this country since the introduction of these marbles. The finest work ever done in this country, in his judgment, was the monument of Mrs. Howard, by Nollekins, done some years ago. But he thought the introduction of these works would contribute to the improvement of the arts.

*Earl of Aberdeen.*—He ranked these marbles in the highest class of art; but then he did not compare them with the most perfect specimens on the continent or even in this country. His lordship had a very high opinion of this collection, though the surface in most of the sculptures was so corroded, that it was difficult to see the hand of a master. He thought the Phygalian marbles were of the same age and of the same scale of excellence; in many respects they were better preserved; but on the other hand, they were in other respects not so interesting as lord Elgin's. The Elgin collection was greatly superior to that from Phygalia; yet he thought the style of work very much the same.

*J. B. S. Morritt, Esq. M. P.*—He esteemed these marbles as the purest specimens of the finest age of Greece, and of the first importance to the progress of art.

*Alexander Day, Esq.*—He knew of nothing superior to the Elgin marbles: the Theseus and Ilissus he judged superior to the Apollo Belvidere, the Torso, and the Laocoon, as conforming more to what artists called sublimated nature—not common nature, but nature in its highest perfection. He had resided in Rome between 30 and 40 years, and had directed his attention entirely to the fine arts. The Barbarini Fawn was sold to the Prince Royal of Bavaria for 3000*l.*; but it was much inferior to the Theseus and Ilissus. The Elgin marbles were of a higher class.

*B. West, Esq. P. R. A.* could not attend the committee, his health not permitting, but to various questions sent to him by the committee, he returned distinct answers—from which we learn that the president deemed the Elgin marbles in the first class of

dignified art. The most excellent among them were the The-  
seus, the Ilissus, the breast and shoulders of the Neptune, and the  
Horse's Head. One mind pervaded the whole work, though  
one hand did not execute them. The Apollo of the Belvidere,  
the Torso, and the Laocoon, were systematic art; but the The-  
seus and Ilissus stand supreme, as having their source in nature;  
and as Raphael was benefited by them, so may our British artists.  
—Such works having appeared but once in the world, he could  
not set a pecuniary value upon them. Whether, in studying  
them, he had added any celebrity to the productions of his pencil,  
he left the select committee to determine, on viewing his two  
works now before the public, *Christ in the Temple* and *Christ Re-  
jected*. The Phygalian marbles and Townley collection were  
mostly systematic art, but the Elgin marbles were much to be  
preferred for their purity, truth, and intellectual power.

*Letter from the Chevalier Canova to the Earl of Elgin.*

London, Nov. 10, 1815.

MY LORD,—Permit me to express the sense of the great gra-  
tification which I have received from having seen in London the  
valuable antique marbles, which you have brought hither from  
Greece. I think that I can never see them often enough: and  
although my stay in this great capital must be extremely short,  
I dedicate every moment that I can spare to the contemplation of  
these celebrated remains of ancient art. I admire in them the  
truth of nature united to the choice of the finest forms. Every  
thing here breathes life, with a veracity, with an exquisite know-  
ledge of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it,  
which is concealed by consummate and masterly skill. The na-  
ked is perfect flesh, and most beautiful in its kind.—I think  
myself happy in having been able to see with my own eyes these  
distinguished works; and I should feel perfectly satisfied if I had  
come to London only to view them. Upon which account the  
admirers of art and the artists will owe to your lordship a lasting  
debt of gratitude, for having brought amongst us these noble and  
magnificent pieces of sculpture; and for my own part, I beg leave  
to return you my own most cordial acknowledgments; and I have  
the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

CANOVA.

STATE OF LEARNING IN MODERN EUROPE:—It is with parti-  
cular pleasure that we present the reader with some account of  
the institutions recently established on the continent, and especi-  
ally in Germany, for the improvement of the natives of Greece,  
for which we are indebted to our friend Mr. Böttiger of Dres-  
den.

To raise a people, so distinguished in ancient history by energy  
of mind and splendid achievements, and afterwards so humbled  
and oppressed, out of the dust and obscurity to a certain degree



of dignity and respectability, must certainly be an agreeable idea to those who know how deeply polished Europe is indebted to this nation. A sense of what it has been is not extinguished among the Greeks themselves, and the presentiment of an improvement in their condition seems to be founded on that feeling. Such at least are the notions with which those men are profoundly impressed who have arisen as the leaders and instructors of their country, and are endeavouring to diffuse in it the light of science. Among these may be named a Capo d'Istria, Ignatius, Coray, Anthemos Gazi, Mestosidi, and Rhasis. Under the influence of such characters, a society was formed in 1813 at Athens, with the title of *Ἑταιρεία τῶν φιλομούσων* or *φιλόμουσος Ἑταιρεία*, *Society of the Friends of the Muses*. The object of its members was the instruction and polishing of their countrymen; and as the first step towards the accomplishment of this purpose, a school was established for the education of youth. Their views speedily extended, and they soon conceived the idea of founding another institution besides the school at Athens, for the study of the higher branches of science. To this seminary they gave the appellation of *Gymnasium*, and chose for its site a spot on Mount Pelion in Thessaly, which the ancient history of Greece represents as the abode of Chiron and his pupil Achilles. In the following year (1814) when many distinguished and enlightened persons were assembled in congress at Vienna, the Greeks, members of the society of the Friends of the Muses, residing there, availed themselves of the opportunity to form a more extensive connection in Europe, and to obtain a more active co-operation in their plans. Thus a society was formed at Vienna, and united itself with that at Athens, for the purpose of promoting one common object—the civilization of Greece. The society at Vienna chose Ignatius, the metropolitan, for its president, and appointed a committee, at the head of which is M. Alexander Basil, an eminent Greek merchant, to superintend its financial concerns. As their means increase, the views of the society become enlarged. The maintenance and improvement of their two institutions in Greece continue to be their primary object. Out of the revenues of the society, teachers are paid, such pupils as distinguish themselves are rewarded, and books, maps, and other requisites, are purchased. Preparations are making for publishing editions of the classic writers, especially of the ancient Greeks, for the use of youth. Hopeful young men are sent at the expense of the society to the German universities, there to qualify themselves to be the future instructors of their native country. This last is a point of peculiar importance, from which more, perhaps, may be expected than from any other. The society is moreover desirous to promote the sciences, and has therefore given directions for the seeking and collecting of antiquities, and for inquiries connected with natural history. Some of the members at Athens are likewise charged to accompany travellers who visit Attica, and to facilitate

the object of their tours.—In the winter of 1814, professor Frederic Thiersch, director of the Lyceum of Munich, visited Vienna for the purpose of collating the MSS. of the Odyssey and Hesiod in the library of that city; and as he speaks and writes the modern Greek very fluently, he formed an acquaintance with the Greeks resident there, and also with the Russian minister count Capo d'Istria, which led to the idea of making the Bavarian capital the seat of a Greek academy. The intention of educating Greek youths at the German universities has already been mentioned; a certain preparation, however, is absolutely necessary, and in the first place it is requisite that they should understand the German language. Professor Thiersch, therefore, projected a preparatory seminary: his plan was warmly seconded by M. Schlichtegroll, secretary to the academy of Munich, and it has been actually founded with the approbation and under the patronage of the king and his ministers. It is styled *To Αθηνæιον*, *The Athenæum*. Greek boys above twelve years old are admitted into it, provided they can read and write their native language. The sum of 100 ducats per annum is charged for the instruction, board, and lodging of each, exclusive of clothing and some other expenses. They are taught German, Latin, and ancient Greek; geography, history, mathematics, natural philosophy, and natural history. Opportunities are also afforded for the acquisition of other modern languages, as English, French, and Italian; likewise music and drawing. From the Athenæum the pupils can proceed to the Lyceum, and thence with advantage to any university. From the program circulated by professor Thiersch in the Greek language, and also inserted in the journal for classic literature published by him in Latin under the title of *Acta Philologorum Monacensium*, it appears, that in addition to philology, the pupils at the Athenæum of Munich will go through a complete course of polytechnic studies; that they will receive religious instruction from a Greek ecclesiastic; and that Munich now affords an excellent school for every art and science. In the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Von Utzschneider and Reichenbach may be obtained a complete knowledge of mathematical and philosophical instruments and technology. STUNZ is a master in lithography, or the art of printing drawings and writings from stone, which has been brought to the highest perfection in the Bavarian capital. Lectures on architecture and painting are given at the *Academy of Arts*, by Langer, the director. Civil engineering in all its branches is taught by the celebrated Wiebeking. How much then may here be learned out of the Athenæum?—There are already six young Greeks in this new seminary, which for the present derives its means of instruction from the Lyceum. When Thiersch returned from his mission to Paris, where he claimed with complete success the MSS. and works of art taken from Bavaria in the first revolutionary wars, and whence he proceeded in the autumn of 1815 to London, to view the Elgin and Phygalian marbles, he



found the institution in the best train. It is hoped that he will soon obtain permission from the king of Bavaria to visit Greece, with a view to the establishment of a beneficial intercourse with that country.

A new discovery in aërostatics is soon likely to be exhibited to the public, by S. J. Pauly, civil engineer; and D. Egg, 132, Strand. A balloon, which they have for some time been preparing, will be capable of being steered at pleasure, similar to vessels at sea, in a horizontal or vertical direction, without losing either gas or ballast. It is in the shape of a fish, being intended to act upon the air in the same manner as a fish acts on the water, and will carry three or four persons with safety. Should the day of ascension prove calm, they purpose to shape their course in a circular direction round London: but, if the wind should blow hard, they intend to steer a different course; but, in both cases to return to the place of ascension. The whole of the apparatus is preparing at Knightsbridge, on a large and expensive scale.

It is the design of government to render the recently discovered demi-British colony in Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, every possible assistance. They will be amply supplied with implements of husbandry, and of useful handicrafts, and with all those utensils of European manufacture which can contribute to their comfort or increase their happiness.

It affords us great satisfaction to observe, that the matchless trophy of art, the Cours Historique et Élémentaire de Peinture, ou Galerie complete du Musée Napoléon, is finished, by the publication of the 120th number. This precious and elegant collection represents 720 pictures and statues, which give it a great superiority over the *Musée Français*, published by Robillard, which contains but 380. Since the dispersion of the celebrated gallery of the museum of Paris, the lovers of the fine arts will eagerly seek for a collection which recalls to their minds that wonderful union of the chefs-d'œuvre of Europe. Complete copies, in 120 numbers, fine proofs, are offered in London for £60.

It has been lately remarked, that it is probable, that during heavy gales, the violent shocks sustained by the ship from the waves may momentarily check the regular passage of the sand, through the small opening of the glass. This eventually may cause an error in the ship's reckoning, which might be rectified by simply suspending the glass, as a compass, so as uniformly to maintain its perpendicular position.

Mr. Ludwig, a surgeon at Naufung, has cured by vaccination a chronic inflammation of the eyes, that had lasted many years.

A mode superior to that hitherto in use, has been invented at Paris for making gunpowder. It is manufactured more rapidly

than the former; the grains are spherical, of the size of swan-shot, well glazed and composed of concentric coats.

To contrive a cypher which shall be at once secure from detection, and easy in its application, has been considered a problem of some difficulty; that proposed by Dr. Rees, has been decyphered by Mr. Gage. Another cypher contrived with great ingenuity, was proposed by professor Herman, about the year 1750. It was offered with great confidence as a challenge for the learned of Europe. It was however decyphered by Mr. Beguelin, and was published in the transactions of the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin. A new cypher has been proposed in which each character represents a letter; so that the number of characters does not exceed the number of letters.

M. Leoni, of Milan, has translated several tragedies of Shakspeare. This is the first attempt in Italy to clothe the works of that admirable dramatic genius in the language of that country, in which many of his scenes are laid.

A new edition of all the works of Homer is about to be submitted to the learned world, by the celebrated Ambrosian Librarian of Milan. It will contain all the fragments and new readings which have recently been discovered.

Dr. Busby is engaged in the attempt to prove, that Junius is no other than De Lolme, the celebrated author of the work on the English constitution.

A curious phenomenon has been lately observed in Switzerland, about nine miles distant from Lausanne. The whole surface of the snow was covered with a species of caterpillar different from any which are usually observed in that country. These animals appear dead; but when brought near a fire they soon recover animation.

Mr. Holmes is about to publish a Treatise on the Coal Mines of Durham and Northumberland, containing accounts of the different fatal explosions which have taken place within the last twenty years, and the means proposed for their remedy; illustrated by plates of safety-lamps, &c.

Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge, is about to publish by subscription two sets of Songs, Duets, or Glees, with original poetry, written expressly for the work by Messrs, Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, William Smyth, James Hogg, John Stewart, esqrs. and Lord Byron.